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Things in General.

THE Ontario Government has been approached with a request that it make an exhibit at the Pan-American Fair to be held at Buffalo next year. Premier Ross quite wisely replied that it is impossible for the Government to spend money on an exhibit at Buffalo while it refuses to make similar expenditures for fairs in Canada. Whereupon the "Mail and Empire" remarks that "so long as parish politics control the counsels of the Ross Cabinet, little is likely to be done in any direction." On a previous occasion I called attention to the fact that Buffalo, the home of De Barry, who has for years been turning back Canadian artisans who sought to make a livelihood in that city, is certainly not the place for Canadians to assist in making a Fair a success. Canada owes Buffalo nothing but the ill-will which has been occasioned by the most offensive conduct of a most offensive official in turning back our citizens who sought in a proper and honest way to make a livelihood. We have a perfect right to remember that of all the border cities and towns strung from Maine to the Pacific Coast, Buffalo has treated Canada and Canadians with less decency than any other center of population. For Buffalonians to ask Canada to assist them in making a grand display is a piece of nerve which the Governments of our provinces, and our Federal Government as well, should resent. Canada is doing first-rate as it is, and it would be an unpopular and unprofitable expenditure of money if this country, or any section of it, donates a dollar to assist towards success an exhibition which, ten chances to one, will be more or less of a failure.

TALKING about the failures of world's fairs and imitations of them, such as the one held in San Francisco after the Chicago blow-out, and the one which is to be held in Buffalo as the remote tail-end of the great event in Paris, it should be remembered that not one of these great splurges has been a financial success. Philadelphia was semi-paralyzed for three or four years after the Centennial. Chicago went all to pieces after its World's Fair. San Francisco got a jolt from which it has not yet recovered, by spending a lot of money making up a grand display of the rag ends of the Chicago exhibits. Probably the greatest monetary failure of all is the present World's Fair at Paris, where the deficit will be enormous. The previous World's Fair in Paris was a financial failure, and the one in London was not a success. Possibly these fairs may be great educational institutions, but they bring ruin to thousands of those who build their hopes on an enormous attendance. The expenses are vast, the discomforts great, extortion is almost universal, and the weariness and vexations connected with attending them incalculable. Buffalo is so situated as to be remote from the Western and Southern States, and the attendance will be limited accordingly. This being true, it is not astonishing that the Buffalonians, who have so long used Canadians contemptuously and harbored all sorts of malignant enemies of Canada, should look wistfully at our population and desire to attract them to their show. Canadians will show their sense and their patriotism by remembering De Barry, the Fenians, the pro-Boers, and the dynamiters who found such a pleasant reception in the city of the Pan-American Fair while they were on their way to Canada. Refusal of a grant for an exhibit at Buffalo is not parish politics; it is national politics; and the "Mail and Empire" should be the last to ask Ontario to kiss the hand that has been in the habit of smiting us.

HARDSHIPS caused to litigants by excessive costs, for the accumulation of which lawyers are generally blamed, are so common that the old adage has been accepted as gospel, "A bad settlement is better than a good lawsuit." A recent case in Winnipeg swallowed up \$31,000 out of \$40,000 recovered, and a case in the Police Court the other day in which an account of over five hundred dollars was almost entirely eaten up by law costs and lawyers' fees, is another of these by no means unusual occurrences. If strict and quick justice had been done to the latter claimants, who, if I remember right, only received thirty or forty dollars of the entire amount, there should have been some simpler and more direct means for them to have obtained a settlement. It would be a litigious world if everybody knew enough about law to decide whether or not they had a chance of winning a suit, for, as each woman thinks her own bairn the best-looking, so each litigant, with an unavoidable bias in his own favor, thinks his case strong enough to stand the test of a suit. I believe the majority of lawyers are honest and painstaking, but the methods of collecting debts outside of a division court are cumbrous, slow and expensive, and even with a conscientious lawyer the expenses are apt to eat up much of the amount. If we had some courts of arbitration for the inexpensive and speedy settlement of disputes about money, a vast amount of time, worry and expense could be saved and a finality given to the finding of say three judges, which would end the matter. The collection of debts under the present system seems to drag along through court after court until the amount in dispute is consumed, and indeed the whole substance of the litigants is often eaten up. Frequently it may seem that the arguments in favor of the two disputants are almost equally balanced, and in such an instance power should be given to the court to arbitrate, and thus close the dispute before everything at stake has been eaten up and much time wasted in litigation. There would be so much business in such a court of arbitration that the fees could be made even smaller than in the Division Court, where only small amounts are considered, and it certainly seems as if a reform would wipe out several of the possibilities for legal extortion which now exist.

As long as there are parsons, some of them will not be religious, and will be but poor caretakers of the souls which are confided to their care; there will never be a time when we will not have doctors who, though legally licensed, will be nothing better than quacks, and will permit themselves to work upon the fears of their patients in the most scandalous manner; and so with a certain percentage of lawyers who feel that they must live, no matter whether their clients go to the poor-house or not. Without referring specially to either case cited, of which I have nothing but newspaper information, it is safe to say it will always be impossible to keep such men out of the legal profession, or to keep them from picking the bones of their clients when an opportunity offers. Sometimes, of course, the litigants themselves are so determined to fight the thing to a ruinous finish that the lawyers are really not to blame, but it would be hard to convince me that the man of ordinary sense, unless he is counselled by a conscienceless member of the legal profession, will waste his substance in a lawsuit. Certainly there seems a great and growing necessity for some simpler method of settling disputes concerning sums of money in excess of the amount which can be collected through the Division Court.

In Germany they have a peculiar system which, though it may not work perfectly, is still in some respects an advance upon our methods in this country. A litigant who desires to bring suit for damages or for the payment of a sum of money, goes to his lawyer, and after deciding the amount for which he will sue, he is told exactly what fee

he will have to pay. If he desires to give the lawyer a retainer in excess of the fee, he must also sign a statement, which will be retained by the solicitor, stating that he is aware that he is paying an amount in excess of the legal charge, and that he pays this in order to obtain the services of an advocate he specially favors. If he sues for a larger amount than he obtains, he only gets costs on the amount which is awarded him, and must pay court costs on the amount which he failed to obtain. This tends to prevent the bringing of actions for exorbitant amounts. If the case goes into a higher court the fees and all connected with the case are again revised, so that all the expenses except the bringing of witnesses will be thoroughly understood by the litigant. Thus at each stage of the game the man who is bringing or resisting a lawsuit knows exactly what it is going to cost him outside of witness fees. The first court is one of arbitration, and in it I understand much the larger number of suits are settled. Notwithstanding all these safeguards, however, a suit may drag from court to court for years, and the expenses are apt to mount up slowly but surely, yet not at all in proportion to the costs of litigation in Canada. I had a suit which lasted four years and a half in Berlin, Germany, beginning at the Court of Arbitration and finally waiting at the door

everybody would be turning handspins to see all these abuses corrected. In the recent conference with the president and officers of the Street Railway Company, the Mayor was milder and more bland than a May morning, and was so obviously anxious not to have trouble with the Street Railway Company that he could hardly be polite to the Controllers who were demanding that the original contract should be carried out to the letter. This indulgent attitude is difficult to understand, but those who still hang on to the straps in the old cars, which by reason of the change in the Mayor's attitude may for years continue to run, will have a chance to think the thing out.

FEW Ontario people recognize the extraordinary advantages possessed by the people of Toronto and Ontario in the matter of delicious and delicately flavored products of the garden, vineyard and orchard. In no part of the world with which I am acquainted is there such a great variety of fruit of such exquisite flavor, obtainable by the people at a low price. In the tropics, excepting, of course, oranges, lemons and limes, the fruits are nearly always of a deadly sweetness which soon falls upon the palate. In California the fruits are grown to a great size and are delightful to look at, but they have not the flavor

vegetables in the summer and largely through the winter, are as inexpensive as anywhere in the world.

It is sometimes well to remind ourselves of the special blessings that Providence has showered on this part of the world, and if we thus estimate our advantages we are probably less liable to make complaints about being too hot or too cold. Certainly when we compare what we have and what we can get for so little, we should not feel inclined to drift southward, inasmuch as the further south we go the less comfort and the fewer luxuries we can hope to obtain. While we can have butter on our bread, good laws fairly administered, and everything else that the most favored people have, with as good an opportunity to earn the money to buy what are esteemed luxuries elsewhere, as can be had anywhere in the world, we ought to be satisfied.

IS that \$50,000 necessary to put the Upper Canada College on an independent footing, to be raised? More than two-thirds of it, or \$35,000, has already been subscribed, and there remains but \$15,000 more to be obtained. The time for raising the money practically ends on the first of October, but no doubt a little extension will be obtained by those having the subscriptions in hand, and surely there are enough moneyed men to put up this trivial amount without any more ado. The fact that it has been so difficult to raise \$50,000 to complete the severance of the Upper Canada College from Government control, and to furnish the necessary additions to the buildings, does not speak well for the many men of means who look back with pride upon their old school and talk without stint of its virtues and advantages. Everyone admits that the institution is in the hands of the most capable, energetic and enthusiastic staff of teachers which Upper Canada College ever possessed. Hundreds can count up a long list of men who have made a great deal of money, and kept it too, who got their start along the road to success in the old school. Toronto would be proud of these men if they would only "whack up" and show that we have some public spirit, together with some tendency to spend money except for dry goods and groceries, fuel and rent. The question now seems to be, is \$50,000 too much for all the old graduates of the school to raise as an evidence of their faith in and affection for one of the best and oldest educational institutions in Canada?

YEARS ago, when I lived in the country, no doubt we had exciting general elections as we have now, but I have no memory of being stirred by political cries or seeing any great manifestation of interest amongst the farmers. Of course, prior to the Rebellion of 1837 discontent had taken deep root, and the flame of revolution was being fanned by strong and indefatigable workers. However, this was before my time, and as I grew up amidst the pasture fields and the meadows, no disturbing sound of politics came to my ears. I went to another part of the country and taught school when I was seventeen, and I cannot remember a single issue which was then before the country, nor do I remember anyone talking politics excepting one old man who took two newspapers and struggled desperately to bring people to his way of thinking. Nobody seemed to pay any attention, and I would cut across lots rather than face the old man and his political propaganda, for I had not the vaguest notion in the world of what it was all about. The next year, in a different township, I again sought to uprear the youthful mind and—it is not to my credit, I know—heard nothing of politics until towards fall, when some member of Parliament, so the neighbors said, had "turned his coat" and voted against the Government instead of for it, though he had been elected as a supporter of the Administration. This was about the time of the Pacific Scandal, but nobody seemed to understand what it was all about, though everyone rose up in wrath to punish the recalcitrant member. He ran again, and the streets of a not distant city were full of fights, and country bar-rooms and meetings in school-houses were scenes of pandemonium. The people with whom I boarded took no newspaper, I was studying medicine and felt no interest in what was passing outside of the school section and my books, and I had to read the whole subject up nearly ten years afterwards to know what it meant.

Of course there are a great many more newspapers now than there were then, they are cheaper and more entertaining, but even twenty or twenty-five years ago I can remember that instances were numerous where one newspaper did for three or four farmers, who got together and spelled out the price of grain, and talked about the conduct of the township councils, the price of culverts, and the doing of road work. Of course this sort of thing applied largely to the older generation, and not universally to them. In every neighborhood there was always to be found some bitter partizan who probably brought his politics with him to Canada from the Old Country, and tried the best he could to make them fit in this new land. Seventy-five per cent. at least of the voters were but little informed as to the questions of the day, but they all knew whether they were Tories or Grits. Almost invariably they inherited a party name, though some of them occasionally changed over because they quarreled with the leader of their faction, sometimes over a horse trade, sometimes with regard to a line fence or "changing works."

To change one's party name, however, was a serious matter. A man who had called himself a Grit until he was twenty-five or thirty could not vote with the Tories and have it known without being tormented by his neighbors and twitted with being a "turn-coat." The knowledge of the facts was so limited that changing one's politics was largely a matter of spleen, and probably deserved to be treated as improper. With regard to the election of township councillors, Reeves and deputy Reeves, personal likings and dislikings, jealousies and unneighborly tiffs, had a large share, and fifty cents too much for putting in a culvert, or a dollar's extravagance in repairing a bridge, would sweep out a township councillor or a reeve as swiftly as the Pacific Scandal brought ruin to the Administration of Sir John A.

Without at all disparaging the intelligence of the farmer, I am afraid that there is a great deal of the old-fashioned politics still left in the land. Public meetings held throughout the country influence few except the floating classes, or the rare exceptions who are careful students of passing events. A meeting held in a school-house is still considered a good thing if the speakers rhetorically hammer one another and engage in such violent arguments that blows are almost reached. That sort of a meeting stirs things up, wakens the hereditary partizanship, and is likely to make the vote turn out. The fact that an effort is always made to hold general elections while the roads are good, in itself indicates how little exertion the rural population are willing to make in order to exercise their franchise. Young law students and clerks are sent out as scrutineers because the majority of the farmers will neither take the trouble to become conversant with the work nor do it.

In the cities, indeed, the apathy of the voter is quite as apparent, and if newspapers had to be relied upon to provide all the information, a considerable percentage of the



HIS FIRST ORANGE.

of the Kaiser's court, which I imagine is the supreme thing, when it was settled. Even with the very small expenses for lawyers and court fees, a suit in which \$1,420 worth of goods which I had bought was originally at stake, though I was suing for \$5,000, had on the defendant's side eaten up the entire bill of goods, and doubtless had cost a considerable sum besides. As far as I was concerned, I was given the goods for nothing, but the court expenses were nearly a thousand dollars, which left me but about five hundred dollars for damages instead of the five thousand, which in a Canadian court I am certain I would have got. So with all the safeguards with which an old nation like Germany has been able to surround lawsuits, the persistent litigant can roll up a bill of costs and so delay the operation of justice that even a claimant with the very best possible grounds for suit becomes weary of the whole business. Of course when a suit is carried on at very long range this is particularly true. Nevertheless, there is much in the German procedure which is admirable, and litigants have the great advantage of knowing exactly where they are at as to the cost of both the lawyer and the court. Would it not be a wise thing for the Boards of Trade of Canada, assisted by the Federal and Provincial Governments, to employ an expert commissioner to examine all the methods of procedure in vogue, and proceed to simplify the now expensive and almost interminable system of collecting debts and obtaining justice?

BEFORE the last mayoralty election there never was a candidate who breathed out more violent threatenings against the Street Railway Company and all corporations holding franchises from the city, than the present occupant of the Mayor's chair. He was the apostle of the strapholders, the defender of those who could not find seats in the cars, and his friends promised, if elected, that

of the Ontario product. There is as much difference in flavor between a California peach and a Crawford grown in the Niagara peninsula, as there is between a wild strawberry and a tame one. The strawberries of the tropical and semi-tropical countries are big and highly-colored, enticing to the eye, but they lack the flavor of the Canadian berry. Excepting in Michigan, no part of the United States grows apples of the flavor and keeping qualities of the Canadian fruit. If our grapes have a fault it is that they are too heavy with richness and give an earthy taste to wine made from them. What can be more delicious than a Bartlett pear grown in this country? The same pear grown on irrigated land in California lacks that peculiar delicacy and lusciousness. Has anyone anywhere discovered an apple which can compare with the Canadian-grown Northern Spy? Our melons and tomatoes and all the field vegetables equal those of any other part of the world, not perhaps in size, but in nutriment. With regard to tropical fruits, one can buy oranges and lemons almost as cheaply in Toronto as in San Francisco or St. Augustine. Bananas can be had at a price which seems astonishing when we consider the distance that they come. Pine-apples, figs, dates, nuts, everything which can be obtained by anybody, come to Canada and are sold at prices vastly lower than they retail for in Europe or Great Britain. Tea and coffee, and indeed all the luxuries of the table only accessible to the rich in less favored countries, can here be enjoyed by the workingman and his family.

This is also true of the absolute necessities of life. Milk, cheese and butter are not thought to be a luxury in the cities of this country, though they are treats seldom enjoyed by the laboring classes in the Old Lands. Fresh meat once a week is thought to be almost a treat in an agricultural laborer's family in England, though it is now much cheaper than it used to be. Our oatmeal, our flour,

voters would know very little about political questions; but in workshops and warehouses during dinner hour, on the way to and from home, those who read the papers talk to those who do not, and consequently the masses are not so oblivious of what is passing around them. Thus the leaven of a thoughtful or strongly partisan mechanic or laborer to a certain extent goes through the whole loaf, and as a change of political name does not mean the same amount of obloquy in the city as it does in the country, there is a large class which will vote as their bench-mates vote, and majorities are growing more than ever dependent upon the independence and intelligence of those who control others. As men move from one town to another they carry their politics to their next place of residence as something which may be easily dropped if they get a new working mate of a different political stripe. This is true also of farmers. I have known many instances where a farmer who has moved from one locality to a place fifteen or twenty miles distant and settled down beside some engaging neighbor, has changed his political stripes to suit the new society in which he found himself.

All this being true, is it not strange that greater changes are not made in the complexion of constituencies? That such great changes are quite within the limits of possibility has been shown by dozens of men who have gradually worked at a constituency until from a minority they have obtained a majority. This majority frequently grows until the constituency is a hive of people of largely one way of voting. Taking the whole thing, however, and putting it out on the table before one, the impression is sure to be left in the mind that a general election is a very limited way of getting at the public mind—if there be such a thing. Nearly always when great changes are made in the political complexion of Canada, some great scandal has been exposed, or in hard times some new method of getting rich is suggested, or some violent prejudice, religious or racial, sweeps over the country like a cyclone. We cannot count too much on the real careful thoughtfulness of the citizen, nor upon any general wave of patriotism unless there is a war to excite the lethargic voter. Probably if the people thought more and read more they would only find arguments to bolster them stronger in their set position, and probably till the millennium comes, elections will be carried by the use of a certain amount of money and a huge amount of wind. Perhaps the most discouraging feature of the whole business is the fact that nominations are so easily obtained in many instances by those who pack the primaries so that the impossibility of getting a good member for the constituency is settled before the voting begins.

Another feature of city politics is the peculiar ease with which young men, medical students, law students, clerks, etc., coming into a center of population, select their political faith. In many instances the young man takes a look about him, sees where his opportunities are situated, and adopts the style of politics which are appropriate for the situation. I know a great many young and middle-aged men in Toronto who did not care the flip of a copper when they came here as to which political party they should identify themselves with, but seeing a chance to make some progress they sailed in as full-fledged Tories or Grigs, without the slightest qualms of conscience. All of which seems to prove that in Canada we do not take our politics very seriously.

In East Toronto the Liberals have held their primary meeting to select delegates who are to meet shortly and select a candidate. The list of delegates as published is interesting, inasmuch as it reads like a couple of pages from a Dublin directory.

THE inaugural address of the young King of Italy, delivered to a brilliant concourse of princes, ambassadors and nobles, appears to have electrified all of Italy, and must have found an echo in even the unfriendly pontifical palace with its "eleven thousand rooms." The late King was a good but not essentially a strong man, while the young king, Victor Emmanuel, though rather weak physically, is said to be a reproduction of his grandfather, the liberator of Italy. The opportunities for the young king to do great things for his country are at his hand, for Italy is groaning under a terrible burden of taxation, its struggle to maintain the army and navy of a first-class power being almost greater than it can bear. If the speech, as it is described, came as a revelation of hope and inspiration to the land of palaces and peasants, the land of grandeur and of grinding poverty, one will almost see in the death of King Umberto the intervention of Providence for the rehabilitation of a nation which seemed to be sinking, by reason of its burdens, ever deeper into the mire of hopelessness.

It is said that the King wrote his own speech, not, as was the habit of his father, simply reading the words of his Premier, and the scene must have been one of almost incredible emotion. A despatch says, "As the ringing manifesto proceeded, the enthusiasm of the audience rose higher and higher, until the King's voice was almost inaudible, and sounds of weeping were heard on all sides. As the assembly dispersed, the feeling of all was expressed in the words of a popular Deputy, who said, 'The master is come!'"

Prior to this wonderful address, King Victor Emmanuel was neither well known nor particularly loved throughout Italy, having been described as a small, weak and shy young fellow, whose mother could hardly persuade him to marry, he having a morbid fear that his children would be crippled. However, this is a striking instance that the man often rises equal to the occasion. In the present condition of affairs in Italy a man of strength, ability and enthusiasm was distinctly needed, though by all accounts the easy-going and none too pure politicians who surround the King are greatly disconcerted by his vigor, and hope that he will be unable to keep up the pace which he has set for himself and them. As Italy has for many years been the friend and ally of Great Britain, it is to be hoped that the changed conditions will bring a still stronger friend to the old Alliance, and that the King who seems to have within his power and capacity the doing of so much good for his country will be spared from the hand of the assassin.



SOCIETY

WEDDINGS in September are the daily fare of the society personage. Brides never look so pretty, grooms never so gallant, as in the bland and temperate month, the resting time of nature, after toil of harvest and stress of summer. And a gallant groom was wedded to a very sweet and much-esteemed little bride on Wednesday, when the nuptial ceremony of Dr. Robert Langley Porter, of London, England, and Miss Antoinette Plumb, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Plumb, and grand-daughter of Senator Josiah Burr Plumb, was celebrated. The ceremony took place in St. Luke's church, on Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, Rev. Dr. Langtry officiating, and the choir being also in attendance. The church was decorated with September's flower, the white asters used being arranged as nosegays on the pew ends, and with feathery ferns and palms as decorations in the chancel. Sunshine, and the mercury at 86, a wonderful temperature for the end of September, made the bridal gown and veil and the delicately fashioned frocks of the three bridesmaids additionally effective. Miss Plumb's gown was of rich satin Duchesse, with a box-pleated train, and the skirt opening over the daintiest fans of chiffon, which also formed the gumpie and sleeves. The rare lace used on the bodice was of rose point, and the veil was an heirloom in the bride's family, and has veiled the bridal blushes of several fair daughters of the house. A spray of orange blossoms held it in place, and a bouquet of roses and lilies completed the petite bride's costume. Her jewels were pearls and diamonds.

Three bridesmaids, Miss Marion Laidlaw, maid of honor, Miss Lawrence, of Rochester, cousin of the bride, and Miss Sovereign, attended Miss Plumb. They wore white silk organdie over double skirts of mousseline, and the prettiest of white chiffon Spanish turbans, with choux of pink panne velvet. The frocks were most beautiful, Vandykes of tucks, with tiny standing Valenciennes ruffles, being set above the flounces of the skirt, and the tight sleeves having the two encircling puffs below the elbow in vogue in olden times. No touch of color but the pink rosette on the turban and the wealth of pink roses in the bouquets was visible. The best man was Mr. T. Wood, cousin of the groom. Mr. Douglas Plumb, Mr. Gordon Osler, and Mr. Lou McMurrich were the ushers. The bride was given away by her stepfather, Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, Q.C., at whose home in St. Vincent street Dr. and Mrs. Porter afterwards received the congratulations of the relatives and intimate friends who were invited to their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt received the guests, who then offered good wishes to the bride and groom, who were stationed in an alcove turned into a bower of greenery with palms. The buffet was set on the lawn, and there the guests soon found themselves, while on all sides congratulations on the brilliant day were heard, with more or less wonder at the midsummer heat. Mrs. Porter went away in a travelling dress of Wedgwood blue Venetian cloth, lined with white satin, and opening over a tucked blouse stitched with white, and small toque to match. She has always been noted for the extreme daintiness of her frocks, and everyone admired her more than usual on Wednesday. Dr. and Mrs. Porter sail from New York on Wednesday, October 3, for London, where they will in future reside. Many exquisite gifts were sent to the bride, who has quite a large collection, and belongs to one of the oldest families in the Niagara district. Among the wedding guests were: Mr. Christopher Robinson, Mrs. Becher, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Macklem, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. G. R. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. W. Herbert Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beatty, Mrs. Jack Nesbitt (Hamilton), Mrs. Lorne McGibbon (Grand Mere), Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, the Misses Falconbridge, Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Florence Scarth, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. Bernard and Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Miss Helen Macdonald, Mrs. Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, Mrs. Hammond, Miss Crombie, Miss Elsie Bethune, Mrs. and the Misses Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Temple, Mrs. and Miss McMurray, Miss Naomi Temple, Mrs. Atkinson (Quebec), Miss Eric Temple, Mr. Perceval Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, the Misses Nordheimer, Miss Lucy McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, the Misses Fuller, Mr. Hugh and the Misses Rose, Dr. Arthur Small, Miss Small, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Dr. and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. H. Mickle, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Law, Miss Florence Cawthra, Mr. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Jack Falconbridge.

Miss Hope Morgan's name has been a drawing card for the grand concert in Massey Hall, next Thursday, and parties have been formed from Barrie, St. Kitts, Hamilton, and elsewhere. Miss Hope Morgan is Judge Morgan's eldest daughter, and a niece of the late Dr. Alton McCarthy. Mr. Lockwood, the celebrated pianist from New York, and Mr. Evan Williams are other stars whose names are good to conjure with.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon spent a week with Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, and returned to Ottawa on Thursday.

This afternoon at Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, there will be a distribution of prizes and service at which the Bishop of Toronto will preside, and the authorities extend a cordial invitation to all friends to be present.

At four o'clock on Wednesday, September 19th, the marriage of Mr. Robert T. Brodie, of Hespeler, second son of Mr. R. T. Brodie, of Toronto, and Miss Laura Edna Mulloy, eldest daughter of Dr. Mulloy, of Preston, was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. R. Johnston, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Miss Mulloy wore a dress of white mousseline and Valenciennes lace, a tulle veil and orange flowers, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, carnations, and maiden-hair ferns. Her sister, Miss Carrie Mulloy, and Miss Hayes, of Galt, were bridesmaid and maid of honor, Miss Mulloy wearing a pink and Miss Hayes a white frock, with huge bouquets of pink roses and carnations. Mr. William Brodie, of Toronto, was best man. The drawing-room in which the ceremony took place, and the whole house, were decorated with flowers, palms and ferns, and the bridal party was inclusive only of relatives and intimate friends. At the conclusion of the ceremony the newly married pair held a short, informal reception, and received the congratulations of their friends, after which all sat down to the bridal dejeuner. Later the bride appeared in a becoming going-away tailor made gown of navy blue broadcloth with a grey hat, ornamented with gulls' wings. Mr. and Mrs. Brodie took a trip through the Western States. The presents to the bride included a splendid display, made up of gifts sent from Montreal, New York, Windsor, Rossland, B.C., Galt, Hespeler, Doon, Blair, Santa Fe, New Mexico, Chicago, Toronto, Hamilton, Yaton, Walkerton and other places. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome secretary, and to the bridesmaids pretty pearl-handled fans. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brodie, of Hespeler, sent a cabinet of magnificent silver; the bride's father gave a handsome Limoges tea set and the fine brick residence, lately occupied by Mr. C. Beal, in Hespeler, which will be the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brodie on their return from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William Worden have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Margaret Florence Worden, and Mr. William George Ross Gordon. The ceremony takes place on Wednesday, October 10th, at St. Luke's church, at half-past two o'clock, with a reception afterwards at 29 St. Vincent street.

Mr. Frank O'Hara, private secretary to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, was in town this week. Miss Gertrude O'Hara, who has been in Chatham nursing her late brother, the Master in Chancery, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. H. H. Humphrey, of Pembroke street, will receive on the second and third Mondays.

Chief's Island, that beautiful Muskoka residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason, is now closed, as Mrs. Mason returned home on Wednesday, after royally entertaining many friends during the season. Miss Amy Mason and Mrs. H. Alley and her little people returned on Monday. All are looking extremely well, especially the young folks.

Mrs. Cattanauch and Miss Cattanauch left by the 5.20 train last Sunday for a long sojourn in the Old Country. In the spring, Miss Emily will join her mother and sister.

Miss Edith Ward, of New York, sister of Mr. C. A. Ward, is a student this year at the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Bloor street.

Mrs. Temple, of Simcoe street, who with her children has spent the summer at De Grassi Point, Lake Simcoe, returned home this week. Mrs. Atkinson, nee Temple, of

Quebec, is with her parents on a visit. The long anxiety which this loving family has been under in regard to the welfare of the young soldier, Lieut. Reginald Temple, is now lightened by the prospect of welcoming him home soon from South Africa.

The death of Mr. Buchan, father of Mrs. Ziba Gallagher, of course cancelled the post-nuptial reception announced to be held by Mrs. Gallagher.

Miss Margaret Thomson went to Chicago for a short trip this week. Miss Jean Milne is returning to London, Eng., shortly. Mrs. Krell is with a brother in Denver.

At All Saints' church at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, Miss Annie T. Fawcett, youngest daughter of Mr. M. Fawcett, 41 Grenville street, was married to W. Stewart Curran, Esq., M.D., of Detroit, Mich., formerly of Ottawa, Ont. The bridesmaid was the bride's cousin, Miss Lizzie Thompson, and the groomsmen Rev. R. B. H. Bell, B.A. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, assisted by Rev. James Thompson, of Ingersoll, uncle of the bride. Dr. and Mrs. Curran left by the eleven o'clock train for Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan are spending some weeks in Muskoka. Miss Ravenshaw is arranging a studio down town.

An engagement was announced at The Hague, on August 21st, between Lieutenant Sir John Alexander Van Housenhonck Tulken, a distinguished staff officer of the Dutch army, and Miss Frances Dignam, only daughter of Mrs. Dignam, president of the Woman's Art Association, Toronto.

St. Paul's church, Charlottetown, P.E.I., was beautifully decorated with palms, golden rod and autumn leaves, on Wednesday, September 19, and filled with a fashionable audience to witness the wedding of Miss Lillian Hammond Dodd, daughter of Hon. Thomas Dodd, to Mr. Harry E. Mahon, barrister-at-law, of Halifax, and son of the late Edward T. Mahon. During the seating of the guests Prof. Earle presided at the organ. Long before the appointed hour the many friends of the young people were shown to their places in the densely packed church by a staff of courteous ushers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Leo Williams, rector, assisted by Rev. W. H. Sampson, of St. John, N.B. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by Miss Winifred Cotton as maid of honor, while Miss Annie Mahon, sister of the groom, and Miss Ethel Davies, daughter of Sir Louis Davies, were bridesmaids. The groomsmen were the groom's cousin, Mr. Fitzroy Elliot, of Halifax. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of white mousseline de soie over ivory satin, a dainty fichu of chiffon and lace being clasped with a diamond and pearl pendant, the gift of the groom. The bridal veil was becomingly fastened with tiny clusters of orange blossoms and lily of the valley, and the bride's bouquet was a shower of white roses and maiden-hair fern. The maid of honor wore pale green organdie, prettily trimmed with insertion of Valenciennes lace with a dainty fichu. The bridesmaids wore white organdie over pink, designed in the same fashion, and picture hats of chiffon. They all wore initial clasps studded with pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried shower bouquets of pink carnations. The dejeuner was served after the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents to immediate relatives and a few intimate friends. The bride's going-away gown was a handsome tailor-made of dark grey cloth. Mr. and Mrs. Mahon were passengers by the westbound train en route to Summerside. A very large number were at the station to see them off. On their return from their wedding tour the happy couple will reside at 49 Inglis street, Halifax. Sir Louis and Lady Davies gave a dance in the evening for the guests at the wedding.

Captain W. B. Ramsay, recently on six months' leave from South Africa, was in town this week, stopping at the Queen's, with his father, Mr. William Ramsay, of Midlothian, Scotland. Captain Fred Ramsay, of the 48th Highlanders, who went to South Africa with the first contingent, is a brother of Captain W. B. Ramsay. He was transferred to Brabant's Horse, the latest news of him being his release by the Boers after sixteen days' confinement at Wepener.

Miss Ross, daughter of the Premier of Ontario, has been winning great success at a lecture on Domestic Science, in Kingston. The eloquence of her father has evidently been inherited by this clever young lady, whose Toronto friends will be glad of her success.

Dr. Eleanor Lennox leaves to-day for a visit to friends in Chatham.

Mrs. Killem, wife of Chief Justice Killem, of Winnipeg, was in town last week, placing her young daughter, Miss Gladys Killem, on pension at Miss Veal's school. Mrs. Killem was at the Queen's Hotel, where friends were charmed to see her, for she is one of the most popular of women.

Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoffer are the hosts of Lord and Lady Minto.

On Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, a quiet ceremony at St. George's church celebrated the marriage of Mr. Charles Abbott Ward, of the Arlington, and Miss Ida Alexandria Dowson, daughter of Mr. George Dowson, of Wood street. Miss Dowson was attended by Miss Cassidy as bridesmaid, and Mr. Austin Dowson was best man. Rev. M. Hare, who is in charge of St. George's during Canon Cayley's leave, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a Venetian cloth gown, of mulberry shade, very smartly made, and applied with black taffeta, the skirt having three shaped flounces and the coat fitting tightly; a large velvet toque to match, with Du Barry pink trimmings and guipure lace, a jet quill and Rhinestone buckle. She carried a shower bouquet of bride roses. The bridesmaid wore Oxford grey, trimmed with stitched black taffeta bands, and a turban of emerald green velvet, with iridescent crown over turquoise silk. These smart hats were from Stitt, while Catto turned out the very pretty gowns. Mr. and Mrs. Ward are spending a fortnight in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, and on their return will reside at the Arlington Hotel.

The last of the Island dinners and dances at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club Island house was a very bright and somewhat regretful reunion, for never has there been such an enjoyable series as this last flying summer has given to the jolly yachtsmen and their fair friends. Several dinner parties began the evening, and shortly after eight the young folks began to arrive, mostly by boat, for not many are left of the Island residents who have brightened the picturesque club-house with their young and merry life this season. So anxious were they for their adored two-steppers that the first Lancers only had one set formed. All down the wide room the two-steppers had their fling, though the music was sometimes a bit off, as may be imagined, as the orchestra were faithful to the set and the programme. Goodbyes were said regretfully to the pretty spot, as the next Monday hop, and other October ones, will take place at the town house, and the late boat brought over the pretty girls and their escorts at 11.15, thus closing the happy summer season.

A St. Andrew's ball, and a Yacht Club ball, a dance at the Victoria Club, and a grand welcoming reception to the volunteers from South Africa, with, no doubt, a swell military ball, are on the tapis so far for this winter's programme.

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"The Open Door."

By ELLEN DUVALL.

At last the jangling freight train came to a standstill, and as the voices and lanterns of the train hands died away in the distance, Finnister prepared to crawl out. Through the loosened bars of the half-cleaned cattle car he crept, and dropped heavily down into the snowy darkness. His numb body could scarce feel the reality of solid earth; but he plunged forward across innumerable tracks toward the bridge which led over into the city proper. A tramp? Yes, and worse; as they are worse who, having known better things, are not able to keep them. A penniless gentleman, he had thought bitterly, is poorer than the veriest beggar. But now he was almost past thinking, though what he did was done from the kind of instinct which follows upon much thought. Cold, unwashed, smelling of the foul gunny sack in which he had wrapped himself in the cattle car, Finnister pushed on because there was still one place to push to. At the Friendly Inn he could get food, a bath, a night's lodging, in return for some wood sawing, if the malign fever, which had left him almost without strength to do it. Moreover, until all else was swallowed up in this sense of gnawing, nauseating hunger, he had felt that his cup of misery was not quite full, that there was some excitement still in seeing how much more it would hold, and how much more bitter the drops might be. Motion, however, was quickening the power to suffer and to think. He was like a man whose torments had been for a time that the necessary recuperation might take place which should make further torment all the keener. The softness under his feet, the cold feathery air all about him—why not lie down here and end it thus? Let's cup holds many potions; why not drink his off, and give up an unequal strife? Though grievous enough, it was not so much bodily distress that affected him as that dire mental pain which comes when a man looks into the future and sees a blank. He remembered a miner who told him of a torture by some Indians, how they tied a ligature round a man's arm, skillfully stopped the circulation, then waited and feared their victim as he went slowly mad.

Finnister felt that something had stopped in him the circulation of Hope, the most healthful current in man's whole nature, and he wondered what madness might be like. Should he lie down, then? No, not yet; he would at least prove a gallant player, would give Life the odds even, would wait till the cup brimmed over. Then, if there were nothing else, why then he would pass through what had been so aptly called the open door. Strange, he thought, that Life which plays such tricks with men should, as by an oversight, have placed the power to leave Life's presence in man's own weak hand.

He pushed and stumbled on in the semi-darkness, for the lights were here so far apart that if the snow thickened there was danger of losing the way.

The bridge once gained, he paused to draw breath. From end to end it was a blaze of lights, and light in itself is friendly. Yet the bridge was solitary, save for a single figure ahead but dimly seen in the distance. It must have been very late, and in that case there was small chance of his getting in even at the Friendly Inn; moreover, he did not know just where the Inn was, and wished to ask. So he quickened his steps till abreast of the figure. As the stranger turned, the light fell full on his face, and he looked at Finnister from under cavernous brows with the pale, phosphorescent-rimmed eyes of a great age.

"Good evening, mate," said Finnister, recklessly.

"Good evening, sir," returned the old man.

Poverty and wealth, which have many points in common, are alike in this, that they cruelly center one possessor of either upon himself. But the old man's tone and manner so belied his appearance that Finnister's attention was involuntarily aroused, and he stared curiously at the speaker. Once the old man must have been unusually tall and correspondingly strong, but now his clothes and an ample cloak hung oddly upon the gaunt, shrunken frame. Yet his voice was anything but old. Strangely soft, low and clear, he spoke upon a single note, a flute-like monotone, as if every other quality of the voice had gone; and he ended his words with a long, gentle sigh. The voice seemed disembodied, an articulate sound, and Finnister wondered whether he had really heard, or whether a sense of speech had come to him from the old man's mind and will. His aged eyes continued fixed upon him, however, and he felt he had never seen eyes at once so old and yet so alive in their expression.

"You are a stranger," said Finnister, unconsciously speaking his thoughts and half realizing that this momentary getting away from himself was, in itself, refreshment.

"I am always a stranger, and yet have I been here many times," said Finnister, after a slight pause. "It is two squares above the levee on South Clyde street."

"Perhaps you, too, are going there," suggested Finnister, with some wistfulness in his tone.

"No, I lodge elsewhere; but I will go with you and show you the exact way," responded the old man.

"I would not for the world on a night like this take an old man out of his way."

"I am never taken out of my way; and I am not permitted to go out of it," said the stranger, smiling. His smile, like his voice, was exquisite, but seemed to be of the same strange unchanging quality. Unconsciously Finnister drew closer to him. The old man carried a staff which, however, he did not use, yet kept bristling against the younger man. Finnister was surprised.

"Time has been good to you, sir," he said, wonderingly; "there is no shuffle in your feet, no lack of muscular activity in your limbs and body."

"And time will be good to you," instantly replied the other, "if you will give time and yourself the chance."

Finnister started. "Why do you say that?" he demanded.

"Because you are unfortunate, not guilty. Time is true to all; but only to the innocent can time appear good and kind."

Finnister gave a mirthless laugh. "That's hackneyed!" he exclaimed. "But how did you guess I am unfortunate?"

"I did not guess; I saw."

"That's easily seen," said Finnister bitterly, "for no one goes to the Friendly Inn who has anywhere else to go."

"The Inn will be closed; it is long past the hour, and you must go with me." The stranger spoke gently, yet with a certainty that gave Finnister a thrill.

thirty-six, the high noon of life. From my twenty-second year I served a man here in this very city, a wealthy man and one noted for his business capacity. He paid me fair wages, and I did my best. Yet there is no trading blood in me. I come of slaveholding stock, easy-going men, gentlemen of the horse, dog and gun. At the back of my mind, through all I did and tried to do, there was a yearning sense of green, moist woods, sun-swept fields, blue skies and fair running streams. It was like having an opaline, October haze in my mind, an inheritance from generations which had never been compelled to do anything. Finnister was silent for a few minutes, and then said: "Do you know where the curse of slavery really falls? Not on the slave, but on his master. The man who owns another man never gets the full use of himself. My employer made a really shrewd business man, that I had no real business capacity. I served him for a dozen years, and during all that time he never commended me once. Of blame there was no stint, but of praise nothing. Never once did he say that I had done even approximately well. Yet in his faithfulness and uprightness I served him as with my heart's blood. Do you know what it is to serve in an atmosphere of chilling disapproval? It means to have every sense numbed, physical and mental; it means to be kept on the edge of apprehension lest you should inadvertently transgress beyond all bounds; it means to fear, to doubt your own self till you feel yourself becoming the incapable thing you are charged with being. You are afraid of him; you are afraid to let go. Yet my employer himself, strange to say, was a man eager for every kind of approbation. He who withheld all encouragement from me shrunk from a breath of blame as a delicate woman might shrink from blows. As time went on the dull pain of my daily life throbbed gradually into torture. My place became a hell—I never expected to know a worse. I had saved money, however, and finally, in desperation, I threw up my position, and went south to try my fortune in the open market. My employer needed that I should feel, that I couldn't cope with the men I should have to deal with. Do you know what it is to buy cotton? I did fairly well at first, until I was deceived in certain grades. Yet these losses were comparatively small, my margin was all right, and, as I never speculated, I thought to make a tolerable living. He drew a deep breath. "From people supposed to be perfectly trustworthy I bought a large and costly order of high grade cotton. The samples were perfect, but the whole consignment was thrown back upon my hands as being terribly inferior. I had been consummately cheated. The mill-owner's loss I made good, of course, but this swept away nearly all I had. What was left I put into a cotton for which I knew there was a special demand. The cotton was to lie in the warehouse a single night. That very night a fire broke out. I had not been able to insure, and my cotton was the first to go. I was not only ruined, but penniless."

His voice choked in the white stillness. "I tried for first one thing and then another, and finally got a porter's place in a large store. I had had the place a month when I was stricken with typhoid fever, and was sixteen weeks in the hospital. On coming out, after looking about in vain, I determined to come back here, where I have some friends so called, where I can bring myself to ask them, may I not, for help. But this is a world in which if you have five dollars you can borrow five; yet if you haven't five cents you can't borrow five to save your life!"

The passion in his voice seemed to make the air more tingling. "Well, I worked and beat my way back, and stole a ride for the last hundred miles in an overlooked cattle car. Here I met you, for your kindness I should say this right at the moment of my need. Do you think you have done well to keep life in me?"

"I have done well," said the stranger in the voice that suggested starlight. "And now that your story is so far behind you—what do you think of it, how does it affect you? Granted that, in the human sense, it has been hard, nevertheless, it has brought you to the truth. It has made you true. You know your own nature, your employment, your place in life. You have put your finger on the eternal weakness and inadequacy of slavery. You are just, therefore, necessarily sympathetic; you can divine and relieve men's needs. What are the gold and purple, and fine linen of life in comparison with this facing, this knowledge of the living truth? Do you count it gain or loss?"

There was a long silence.

"Gain," answered Finnister, slowly. "And yet you were going to drop life not at the moment of defeat, but of victory."

"Yes, but it is you who have made me see," cried Finnister, brokenly. "Never mind how slight comes, provided we do see. Never again mistake men for trees walking. It is the man who has consciousness and will, who has power—not the tree."

Finnister clung instinctively to the

arm of his aged companion.

"Couldn't you give me work? Let me go with you?" he exclaimed.

"That is forbidden," said the stranger gently. "The judgment is that I must go on alone."

Finnister was awed, for there was such certainty in the old man's tone that there was no gainsaying.

"And your story?" he ventured to ask presently.

"It is so old as to be forgotten," was the reply. "My name, too, is gone with the lips that once knew and uttered it."

Finnister gazed into his face with wonder. "You are wise; you must have seen much of life, have known much—surely you might tell me something of yourself," he entreated.

"Will you believe?" replied the old man, smiling. "It was one who came to the Master, asking what good thing I should do to inherit eternal life. I wanted more life, not less, and wanted it for myself, for I had great possessions. The man who thinks Life purchasable is as far wrong as he who thinks Life worthless and to be thrown away. Grieved at the answer made me, I turned and went away. And I wander, as long as there is Life of men upon the earth, to work out for myself the answer to my question. For not until the Master shall have made the circle of humanity will He come to me again. So, as I turned from Him once, I must await His coming now. But my life, though solitary, is not apart. It is bound up with your life, with all lives. Whenever I am permitted to do what is called a good deed, a deed that increases Life, my probation is shortened. For every good deed is a privilege, because a special service to the King. You will know me by my sign, the dove circles of time and of eternity." And again the old man made in the snow the outline of the figure eight.

A great awe fell upon Finnister. He scarce dared think who his strange companion might be.

But they had now left the bridge and were making their way through the city streets.

"We are here," said the old man at last, and stopped. It was in one of the poorest parts of the city, almost unknown to Finnister, and the poor they paused before stood partly open. The old man knocked quickly, and presently an elderly woman, holding a lantern high above her head, came down the steep flight of black, narrow stairs upon which the door opened. Without a word the two followed her up the steps, and she showed them into a clean, almost bare room. The stranger and Finnister seated themselves at a table, and, without delay, the woman ministered to them. Warmth and drowsiness together stole soothingly through Finnister, yet while sensible of them his whole attention was fixed upon his preserver.

"Tell me," he said, taking his lips from a cup of hot broth, and resting his arm on the table, "tell me, if I had passed through the open door, where should I have been? Who would have been my keeper?"

The air seemed to be growing heavy as well as hot, and the voice of the old man was like a tinkling, far-off bell. With eyes fixed upon Finnister's he said:

"No gift of Heaven is ever taken back. Men may change the use of it, but it is never withdrawn. It was promised to the disciples of the Master that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And yet one was a devil, one was the traitor who forsook himself, and went to his own place. Yet had he his throne, his kingdom. All who kill belong to him and are his followers. He is keeper and leader of them all, and of those who betray. To pass the open door, therefore, is to stand face to face with the great betrayer. On his throne, in chains, if you can understand what that means, he rules a kingdom in chains; and woe betide the soul which finds itself in his power and presence! It is where hope ends and remorse begins. But you have been spared. What you would have destroyed is not your life, but your power of choice in life. Your hardest trial is over. Your employer, too, has learned his lesson. After you left him, he took a young man, brilliantly capable, indeed, but unworthy. The firm has suffered heavy loss. But your employer has, in his turn, learned that faithful service, truth and honesty are priceless. You will go back to him, and will serve under conditions better for you both. And I," he said, smiling, "I shall go on—on—on." The voice appeared to die away in the distance, and Finnister slept.

When he came to himself again it was at the sound of a voice which did not seem his own, a voice saying: "Is it morning? Have I slept long?"

The question brought quickly to his side a young woman in hospital dress, and a tall, elderly man with a fine face, who looked down at Finnister with speculative eyes.

"You have slept well, and it's broad day," said the nurse, cheerily.

"Young man, you've had a close call, and mustn't talk," said the doctor, briefly. "Miss Merton, give him his draught." And the doctor slipped a hand under Finnister's pillows, while the nurse held a glass to his lips. Something winey went down his throat. He wanted to ask another question, but before he could frame it he seemed to be caught up, under the wing of a gigantic white swan—white as snow, warm as life—into aerial space, where all desire was lost in an ecstatic sense of effortless motion.

When he next awoke it must have been late in the afternoon. Dusk had gathered in the corners of the unfamiliar room, and what light there was, like a pale fountain, streamed upward to the ceiling. In the semi-twilight he saw a woman sitting near the foot of his bed.

"Did he go on?" asked Finnister eagerly.

The nurse started, and rose promptly. "Mr. Empey? Yes; but we thought you didn't know him; you seemed asleep."

"Empey—has he been here?" asked Finnister wonderingly. For Empey was his grudging employer.

"It was he who had you put in this room," answered the nurse kindly. "He said he couldn't stand having you in the common ward. You need there was an account published of your being found, and of the address and letters in your pocket; that's the way Mr. Empey knew."

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The nurse started, and rose promptly. "Mr. Empey? Yes; but we thought you didn't know him; you seemed asleep."

"Empey—has he been here?" asked Finnister wonderingly. For Empey was his grudging employer.

"It was he who had you put in this room," answered the nurse kindly. "He said he couldn't stand having you in the common ward. You need there was an account published of your being found, and of the address and letters in your pocket; that's the way Mr. Empey knew."

"I was here," said the nurse, smiling. "You must have seen much of life, have known much—surely you might tell me something of yourself," he entreated.

"Will you believe?" replied the old man, smiling. "It was one who came to the Master, asking what good thing I should do to inherit eternal life. I wanted more life, not less, and wanted it for myself, for I had great possessions. The man who thinks Life purchasable is as far wrong as he who thinks Life worthless and to be thrown away. Grieved at the answer made me, I turned and went away. And I wander, as long as there is Life of men upon the earth, to work out for myself the answer to my question. For not until the Master shall have made the circle of humanity will He come to me again. So, as I turned from Him once, I must await His coming now. But my life, though solitary, is not apart. It is bound up with your life, with all lives. Whenever I am permitted to do what is called a good deed, a deed that increases Life, my probation is shortened. For every good deed is a privilege, because a special service to the King. You will know me by my sign, the dove circles of time and of eternity." And again the old man made in the snow the outline of the figure eight.

A great awe fell upon Finnister. He scarce dared think who his strange companion might be.

But they had now left the bridge and were making their way through the city streets.

"We are here," said the old man at last, and stopped. It was in one of the poorest parts of the city, almost unknown to Finnister, and the poor they paused before stood partly open. The old man knocked quickly, and presently an elderly woman, holding a lantern high above her head, came down the steep flight of black, narrow stairs upon which the door opened. Without a word the two followed her up the steps, and she showed them into a clean, almost bare room. The stranger and Finnister seated themselves at a table, and, without delay, the woman ministered to them. Warmth and drowsiness together stole soothingly through Finnister, yet while sensible of them his whole attention was fixed upon his preserver.

"Tell me," he said, taking his lips from a cup of hot broth, and resting his arm on the table, "tell me, if I had passed through the open door, where should I have been? Who would have been my keeper?"

The air seemed to be growing heavy as well as hot, and the voice of the old man was like a tinkling, far-off bell. With eyes fixed upon Finnister's he said:

"No gift of Heaven is ever taken back. Men may change the use of it, but it is never withdrawn. It was promised to the disciples of the Master that they should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And yet one was a devil, one was the traitor who forsook himself, and went to his own place. Yet had he his throne, his kingdom. All who kill belong to him and are his followers. He is keeper and leader of them all, and of those who betray. To pass the open door, therefore, is to stand face to face with the great betrayer. On his throne, in chains, if you can understand what that means, he rules a kingdom in chains; and woe betide the soul which finds itself in his power and presence! It is where hope ends and remorse begins. But you have been spared. What you would have destroyed is not your life, but your power of choice in life. Your hardest trial is over. Your employer, too, has learned his lesson. After you left him, he took a young man, brilliantly capable, indeed, but unworthy. The firm has suffered heavy loss. But your employer has, in his turn, learned that faithful service, truth and honesty are priceless. You will go back to him, and will serve under conditions better for you both. And I," he said, smiling, "I shall go on—on—on." The voice appeared to die away in the distance, and Finnister slept.

When he came to himself again it was at the sound of a voice which did not seem his own, a voice saying: "Is it morning? Have I slept long?"

The question brought quickly to his side a young woman in hospital dress, and a tall, elderly man with a fine face, who looked down at Finnister with speculative eyes.

"You have slept well, and it's broad day," said the nurse, cheerily.

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Ceylon Teas, that the average sale now equals Nineteen packets during every minute of our lives, or equivalent to ten million packets per annum.

Even in the dim light the nurse saw something more than bewilderment in her patient's face. He evidently tried to raise himself to look about him.

"Where am I?" he demanded, as if frightened.

"In one of the emergency rooms of the hospital," said the nurse, gently.

"And the old man, the woman who took me in and fed me?" demanded Finnister, anxiously.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the nurse, soothingly; "you mustn't worry. There was no one with you when you were found, though."

"Found! Where was I found?" asked Finnister, amazedly.

For a moment the nurse hesitated. "You must have staggered into an open door in a part of the city where some Jews live," she said, gently.

"The man has a poor little second-hand clothing store which he lives over. He and his wife thought they heard a knocking. The man went down to the street door, found it open, and you lying at the bottom of the steps. The people in the house got you upstairs, and worked over you, and in the morning the man looked up a policeman. He got an ambulance, and you were brought here. As I said, the papers in your pockets showed who you were. Mr. Empey came at once. He said he was sure you were on your way back to him, because he had been trying to make connections with you for the last eight weeks. The clerk who was in your place was dishonest, and gave no end of trouble. That's all. Now you must rest easy, please, and get over this touch of fever."

For the wondering awe in Finnister's face half frightened the nurse.

"But the woman," he persisted, "the woman who waited on me, and gave me the hot broth just such as my mother used to make when I was a child, sick; and the home-made fruit wine like that at my grandfather's years ago?"

The nurse looked troubled. "I wouldn't talk any more," she said, coaxingly. "You must have been a little delirious from the cold and exposure. The night was bitter. You couldn't possibly have had any broth or wine. I believe the Jews did manage to get a little hot tea down your throat, but that was about all. Now do try to sleep."

"The door was open; I'm sure of that," insisted Finnister. "And the old man knocked quickly four times, a double knock."

"Ch, yes; the door was open," admitted the nurse, kindly.

"And he took me there; he saved me," said Finnister solemnly.

"Well, he hasn't reappeared upon the scene, then," returned the nurse, briskly and with evident scepticism. "So please don't think any more about it. Think only of getting well and of going back to Mr. Empey."

"He told me that, too," said Finnister, slowly.

The nurse eyed him, and laid her fingers on his wrist. "If you talk any more, I'm afraid I'll have to call Miss Merton," she said, warningly. "It's all right; rest on that, and be satisfied."

Finnister obediently closed his eyes and kept silence; for he knew that there are some convictions which are for one's self alone. What he could not know was that when the kindly Jew found him lying at the bottom of the steps, the snow had already begun to drift in upon him in something like the figure eight—"Atlantic Monthly."

School of Art and Industrial Design.

The Central Ontario School of Art and Industrial Design will reopen its classes on Monday, October 1. Some changes have been made in the staff of teachers, and more prominence will be given to drawing for reproductive processes. Mr. F. S. Challener, R.C.A., will take the evening class in drawing from life, and Mr. W. Cruikshank, R.C.A., will give his individual attention to drawing from the antique. The session bids fair to witness an advance on any former one.

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Stock Phrases of the Critics.

The "Academy" prints a selection of phrases belonging to "the jargon of criticism." Here are some of them:

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Curious Bits of News.

Between Worms and Frankental, in Germany, there has been laid bare an immense tomb filled with prehistoric remains four thousand years old. The skeletons show that they are those of a tall, strong race. The bodies were all buried in a stooping position.

The annual crop of mushrooms in France is valued at \$2,000,000, and there are sixty wholesale firms in Paris dealing exclusively in them. In the Department of the Seine, it appears, there are some 3,000 caves in which mushrooms are grown, and about 300 persons are employed in their culture.

The tea used in the immediate household of the Emperor of China is treated with the utmost care. It is raised in a garden surrounded by a wall, so that neither man nor beast can get anywhere near the plants. At the time of the harvest those collecting these leaves must abstain from eating fish, that their breath may not spoil the aroma of the tea; they must bathe three times a day, and, in addition, must wear gloves.

A novelty just placed on the market is a water-tight watch, which is particularly designed for soldiers going on foreign service. The back, instead of being supplied with a spring, is screwed on, and the stem-winding apparatus is protected by a screw-top. One of these timepieces has for months been running and keeping perfect time while constantly submerged in a jar of water in a London shop window.

Cecil Rhodes once fitted up a beautiful cemetery near Kimberley, but for some reason it remained untenanted. Seeing this, Mr. Rhodes offered a bonus to widows who would bring their husbands to be buried in his cemetery, but without avail. Eventually one poor woman allowed her husband to be buried there, and a handsome marble stone was erected over his grave. But even then the scheme hung fire; the inhabitants, passing the gates of the beautiful cemetery, would look through the railings and see the one man lying there in solitary state, and go away shaking their heads and thinking how lonely it must be. Mr. Rhodes got so exasperated that he increased the bonus until it was a large sum. Then the inhabitants gradually began to weaken, one after the other, bringing their dead to the lonely cemetery, which became as popular as such a place can properly be.

Some Animal Stories.

WHEN a good sheepdog is in charge of a flock of sheep he has one regular way of driving and punishing those that stray. He nips lightly with his teeth the sheep's hindleg, just below the hock. A dog called Ralph, belonging to a sheep-farmer on the chalk downs near Hungerford, in Wiltshire, was noticed by the shepherd to allow one of the flock a great deal more liberty than any of the others. Curious to know if this was only fancy on his part, the shepherd set the dog on to the sheep as soon as it began to stray again. The collie ran round the creature, pushed it, licked it, but absolutely refused to bite it. The dog never relaxed in the least in his severity towards the rest of the flock, but to his special pet he could not be too kind, and eventually it was found necessary, for the sake of discipline, to get rid of this spoilt creature.

Horses are always fond of the stable cat. The great race-horse Australian was so passionately attached to his special cat that wherever he went she had to be taken, too. He could not be trusted at the starting-post unless his cat had been in his stall before he was taken out. The Godolphin Arab Scham—the first Arab thoroughbred brought to England—had a black cat, which always slept on his back. One day he accidentally crushed her. After that the mere sight of a cat sent the great horse into convulsions of fright.

A market gardener at Croydon was amazed one day to find that a basket he had filled with carrots half an hour before was unaccountably empty. He refilled the basket, and hid behind a trellis to watch for the thief. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw a little half-bred terrier that he kept about the place as watchdog, take a carrot in its mouth and slink off. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so he



She—Did you ever feel like committing suicide? He—No, I never could imagine the world without me.—Fleeting Blatier

quietly followed the animal. The dog went straight to the stable, and, wagging his tail, presented the carrot to the horse in whose stall he slept. The scene was repeated until the supply of carrots was exhausted.

The writer once owned an American racoon, which was a most amusing but very mischievous pet. He was kept chained like a dog in a kennel, and only allowed out when someone was watching him. One day a little black kitten was found in his kennel. She must have strayed within reach of his chain and he have caught her and adopted her. He treated her as well as her own mother could have done, and divided all his food with her. She always slept between his forepaws. When she got bigger it was his delight to be set loose and allowed to play with her. The two would scamper all over the garden, and if any stray dog approached, the sharp little cry of the racoon warned pussy to escape up a tree.

Animals often adopt the young of other creatures. Cats have taken care of young rats, rabbits and ferrets. At Arnberg, in Germany, a case was recently reported of a large cat taking in hand the rearing of five little chickens. Monkeys are especially fond of pets. A baboon called Attila, belonging to a well-known author, took under her protection a long-tailed monkey called Hassan. She petted him so long as he followed and obeyed her. But if he ventured to eat anything she had not given him she would cuff him violently. The same ape afterwards adopted a kitten, the claws of which she bit off, for fear of their scratching her.

In some thick rose-bushes near a house belonging to friends of the great naturalist, J. G. Wood, a pair of finches nested, and were fed by the people of the house. A gray parrot noticed these proceedings, and one day escaped from his cage, went straight to the nest, imitated the call of the finches and began feeding the little ones with some of his own food. The old finch flew away in terror, and Polly calmly appropriated the entire family. He fed them until they were old enough to feed themselves, refusing to return to his cage, and staying day and night with his foster-children. The tiny creatures would perch on his head and neck, and seemed fully to realize that the parrot was their protector.—Harmsworth's "Answers."

Ma'am to Her Majesty.

If you should happen to meet Queen Victoria, don't say to her, "Your Majesty," or try to think of a longer phrase. Just say "Ma'am." It is easier. Besides, it happens to be correct, says an English weekly paper. Mr. Gladstone used to pronounce it "Mum." The formal title "Your Majesty" is used upon ceremonial occasions, and servants are expected to use it at all times.

When the Prince of Wales becomes king he will be addressed as "Sire." This might be shortened to "Sir" without offence.

The Emperor of Germany is a proud and haughty war lord, but his title is simply "Majestat." There is no pronoun even to his family, except when in privacy. The Emperor of Austria is "Eure Majestat" at all times. The King of Greece is "Votre Majeste"—French being the court language—and the King of Sweden is "Ers Majestat." At the Belgian and Italian courts the sovereign is greeted as "Sire" or "Madame."

A Lesson In Natural History.

ANDREWS had been dining for some weeks at a favorite Italian restaurant, and was great chums with the proprietor. One night at dinner the latter approached Andrews's table.

"How do you do, Meesteur Andrews? Ver' glad to see you. Excuse me, Meesteur Andrews, but I like to ask a favor, eef you plees."

Andrews told him he would be delighted.

"I thank you, Meesteur Andrews. I like to ask, eef you plees, w'at ees a pol' bear?"

"Why, he's a—er, you know, a big, white bear."

"Yes, Meesteur Andrews. I know. Excuse me. But I like to know w'at e do."

"What he does?" said Andrews. "Why, he—er, he lives up at the north pole."

"Excuse me, Meesteur Andrews, I na care w'ere e leef. I like know

w'at ees a pol' bear, w'at e do."

"Oh, w'at he does," said Andrews. "Well, he's up there at the north pole, you know. He just sits around on the ice."

"Aw—he set on dthe ice? You most excuse me, Meesteur Andrews. I dono de Engleesch moch. I like to know, eef you plees, w'at ees e do w'en e no set on dthe ice."

"What ees he does?" said Andrews. "I don't know of anything else he does. He just sits around up there on the ice."

"Aw—he do nothing bot set on dthe ice? I thank you, Meesteur Andrews. Ver' moch oblige. Excuse me, deesturb your deenair. I thank you ver' moch."

Andrews's host was retiring, but Andrews's curiosity was somewhat aroused, and he called him back.

"Why are you so much interested in polar bears?" Andrews asked. Andrews's host looked troubled.

"Ah, Meesteur Andrews, I tell you. I hat a goot friend w'at die. He haf beeg funereil naix Sunday—oh, beeg funereil! Dthey ask me be pol' bear. Bot no, I tink not—I no set on ice."

A Sore Princeling.

THE Prince of Wales, while on the Continent recently, intended visiting Marienbad, but changed this portion of his itinerary at the last moment. According to London "Truth," the reason was his desire to avoid a meeting with the Duc d'Orleans, who had prolonged his stay at that watering-place in order that he might be there when the Prince arrived. "It is believed that the Duc d'Orleans had intended to force a fussy and florid reconciliation upon the Prince, and to 'make him a scene.' H.R.H. no doubt saved himself a great deal of bother by suddenly changing his plans. It is not the first time that he has been worried by the Duc d'Orleans, whose fantastical aberrations of last winter were really the outward and visible sign of the irritation against the Royal Family with which he has long been saturated. Since the death of the Comte de Paris the Duc d'Orleans has been entirely ignored by the court during his residence in England. The Queen has never invited him, and the Prince of Wales has taken no notice of him for a long time.

Minister's Food.

His Value Discovered During Absence of Family.

Rev. J. B. Ley, pastor of the First M. E. Church, South Tampa, Fla., had an interesting experience when his family were compelled to leave on account of the yellow fever. He says: "Last September, when we were visited by a yellow fever scare, my family left for an indefinite stay in the interior."

"I had for about two years been under considerable physical and mental strain, and my nervous system seemed to utterly give way. I had some excellent physicians, but their medical agencies failed to reach the case—at best afforded only temporary relief."

"At the time the family left, my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food. Several things had led me to believe that my troubles were largely due to improper nutrition. The absence of the family gave me a good opportunity to try the new food, for it is perfectly cooked and therefore required no work on my part."

"So I began to make two meals a day, supper and breakfast, on Grape-Nuts and cream or milk, and had nothing else. I confined myself to the proper allowance, not overeating. The improvement was marked, almost from the first—my digestion was better, sleep became regular and restful, and I began to gain flesh. I could soon do work with less fatigue and more satisfaction."

"My nervous system has been wonderfully improved, and to-day I weigh more than I have ever weighed, and find my strength equal to all the responsibilities. This is not all; on the return of the family Grape-Nuts became a regular article of food at the morning hour. The children ate it and improved."

"My wife, who was nursing an infant, discovered that after she began using Grape-Nuts regularly, for the first time in many years, Nature's food supply for the baby was adequate, without resorting to artificial substitutes. Grape-Nuts food not only carried us through the sickly season, but has been a Godsend to our entire family."

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past. The Duc d'Orleans seems to have 'harked back' in character to 'Egalite,' for he has nothing of the sobriety and finesse of the Comte de Paris or of Louis Philippe. If he had lived a hundred years ago his head would have been chopped off at an early stage of his career."

The Lansdowne Estates.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who is slated to retire from the War Office after the forthcoming British elections, has lately been resting after the worries of the Boer war at his seat in County Kerry. Although he owns an immense estate there, there has been no residence on it for nearly two centuries, as Lixnaw, the old castle of the Fitzmaurices, had been allowed to fall entirely to ruins, and the existing unpretending mansion-house was built by the present Marquis. The vast estates originally owned by the family were also recklessly wasted and entirely alienated, and Lord Lansdowne does not own a single acre of them, with the exception of an old burial-ground.

All Lord Lansdowne's Irish property of to-day comes to him through his famous ancestor, Sir William Petty, the Surveyor-General of Ireland; and it is through his Petty kinsmen also that he owns his English estates. It has not been generally noted that Lord Lansdowne is the only territorial magnate who holds properties in all three parts of the United Kingdom. His estates in Scotland, of course, came to him from his mother, Baroness Nairne, in her own right. Like other extensive landowners, he has suffered a good deal from agricultural depression, but he is still one of the wealthiest of the great nobles.

Not "And," But "Or."

The discussion had drifted in the usual way to riddles and puzzles.

Presently a young man offered to bet anyone in the party that he could give a simple little sentence which at first glance seemed absolutely unintelligible, but upon the addition of a comma and the emphasis of two words would at once become as clear as the blue sky. The young man then wrote the following on a piece of paper and passed it round:

"It was not and I said but or."

The idea was to punctuate this sentence, and emphasize the words in such a manner as to make it read intelligibly. A half hour was given for the task.

Everyone began to think hard, and you could almost hear the wheels going round. Loud talking ceased, and quiet reigned, while the young men worked. When the half hour was up none of them was able to write the sentence as it should be written, and many expressed doubts that it could be made intelligible at all.

The young man smiled sweetly, and with a few strokes of his pencil made the sentence look like this:

"It was not 'and,' I said, but 'or.'"

And as he took the money some of the others wondered why they could not see it before, while a few could not even see it then.

Kipling and the Curate.

A correspondent of "M.A.P." tells the following: "Some years ago, when Kipling had returned from India, I, with another Londoner and an Australian, was staying at a private hotel

In Warrior Square, Hastings, when Kipling came there with a friend. One evening, before dinner, a lot of us were sitting on the balcony, chatting. The Australian, who had had to deal with bullocks when he was young and was consequently an expert bush-linguist, was going on full-steam-ahead with his yarns, when Kipling, who apparently did not like to be outdone, began to use language of picturesque import, which obviously struck the Australian with admiration. While the future Soldier's Laureate was crackling away as if he were a sort of human 'pom-pom,' a quiet little man in a cycling suit joined the party. As the talk seemed to give him an electric shock, Kipling piled on the agony, and the cyclist soon went off. But when later on we sat down to dinner it was worth something to see Kipling's face when our cyclist friend took his seat opposite, dressed in the garb of a curate! The poet admitted afterwards in the billiard-room that he was glad when that dinner was over!"

Bananas Breed Idleness.

If we are to believe the report of Sir H. Johnston, we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that the banana does not grow in Canada. The idleness and vagueness of the lives of the natives in Uganda are, according to him, entirely due to this plant. It practically grows itself, and once it is planted no trouble need be taken about it whatever. A banana tree planted seems to go on for ever, and the only thing its grower has to do is to pick the fruit.

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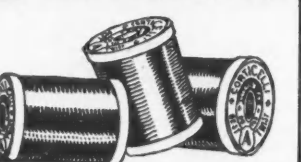
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor

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The Drama

A BIG show, and a good show, was provided by Mr. Shea at the popular Yonge street theater this week. Reilly and Woods' company present so many captivating features that one hesitates to be specific, lest injustice be done some of the performers. One of the neatest pieces of work in its own class we have seen here in Toronto for a long time was the character sketch, The Man from Denver, by Junie McCree and Company. It was not uniformly good, but it was so excellent in patches that the weak spots could be forgiven. With a stronger ending it would have been even more appreciated. A tame ending spoils many a clever piece of dramatic work. Junie McCree as the "dead broke" tough of Chinatown could not have been improved on. He gave the gods tips enough on the most up-to-date colloquialisms of the street to keep the small boys about town rehearsing for a week. The Eldridges, coon comedians, Pat Reilly in charcoal cartoons, Ollie Young and Brother in hoop-rolling and juggling, Happy Fanny Fields the winsome little Dutch dancer, and Keno, Welch and Melrose, a knockabout trio, were amongst the best features of the bill. The performance concluded with a "Dance of All Nations," a very humorous and pleasing bit of work.

The Royal Box is not new to Toronto audiences, but Mr. Andrew Robson, a talented young Canadian actor who has starred in the piece since the death of Charles Coghlan, has invested its presentation at the Grand the first half of this week with new interest. Mr. Robson is in no way a disappointment, and deserves all the good things that had been said of him in advance. He is indeed a finished and powerful actor, and Canadians will look forward with both curiosity and confidence to his future. Mr. Robson's support was not exceptionally strong, and an improvement in portions of his company would greatly add to the production he gives. Neither is the play as lavishly staged as could be desired. But these things, one may venture to hope, will come in time, as Mr. Robson's fame and position become more assured. The character portions of the cast were fairly well filled—notably the parts of Tipps, the constable; Davis, a dresser to Clarence; Winch, the landlord at the "Cat and Fiddle Inn"; Widgets, the acrobat, and Marmaduke and Montmorency, actors of Drury Lane. In the role of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), Charles Bertram, who is Mr. C. B. DuMoulin, formerly of Toronto, did conscientious and acceptable work. The part, in his hands, was not obtrusive, but it was graceful and natural.

Mr. Robson, on Monday night, received something of an ovation, but steadily refused to come before the curtain and make a speech. There was no reason in particular why Mr. Robson should make a speech, and the custom of calling upon every actor who makes a hit in his part to come forward and orate about nothing in particular ought to cease. The occasions when an actor can appropriately be asked to step out of his role in order to give a personal talk to the house are somewhat rare. Mr. Robson was quite right in declining to orate under the circumstances.

Though playing to good houses this week, it cannot truthfully be said that the Valentine Stock Company have added to their laurels by their presentation of Ingomar. In some respects the production was highly creditable—in particular to Mr. Osborne Searle, who had designed some really excellent scenery. But the playing was disappointing to those who had seen the Valentine people only in society drama and light comedy, for while they are strong in these, they fall far below expectations in the heroic and highly emotional atmosphere of such a play as Ingomar. Miss Meta Maynard, who came here from New York to take the role of Parthenia, is an actress of considerable personal charm, and delivered most of her lines effectively. But she allowed herself at times too little reserve, and spoiled some of the best parts of the play by a certain air of coquetry not easily reconcilable with the character of Parthenia as one likes to picture it. Mr. Jack Webster's Ingomar was altogether too boisterous and declamatory. The same fault might be found with Myron the Timarch, and indeed the cast generally. Mere vehemence is not strong acting, and shouting, except where shouting is necessary, can only detract from the dignity and grace of a play that ought to be chiefly marked by these very things. To tell the truth, Ingomar at times traveled dangerously near the line of burlesque. Miss Mary K. Taylor, as Actas, Myron's wife, was perhaps the most satisfactory performer. She seemed to understand what was required of her, and she also looked her part.

The Toronto has opened its doors to bumper houses this week. Through the Breakers is indeed a thrilling, not to say blood-curdling, business throughout, and the reputation it established with patrons of the Toronto on its visit here last season, brought out the people in flocks from the very first performance of this year's engagement. The scenery and mechanical effects were, as last year, excellent. One of the best pieces of realism was the sea outside the smugglers' cave in the third act. The play abounds in the most astonishing situations, and the villain, Peter Turner, is a most improbable moral monstrosity, but for those whose taste lies in the direction of sensational melodrama, Through the Breakers is an almost ideal experience.

It is remarkable that, despite the increasing number of West End theaters in London, the demand still exceeds the supply. George Grossmith's autumn season has appar-

ently been abandoned on account of the impossibility of finding a locale, and Mr. Herbert Sleath has a play he is anxious to produce and cannot for the same reason. Mrs. Langtry, the Kendals, Miss Kate Rorke, and Martin Harvey are all managers more or less in search of a theater.

E. S. Willard will play Love in Idleness, the new comedy by E. J. Goodman and Louis Parker, on his forthcoming American tour.

Jefferson D'Angelis started his season in A Royal Rogue in Baltimore this week.

P. F. Shea, of Worcester and Springfield, will change the policy of his two vaudeville houses somewhat this season. He will exchange the companies in the middle of the week, playing thus two companies each week in each town.

Richard Carvel may be set down as the most emphatic hit of the career of John Drew. The mighty crowds pressing into the Empire ever since the season opened, attest that. The grumblers who have taken oath that Mr. Drew could play nothing else than middle-aged persons in well-fitting clothes and blasé moods, are regretting that they spoke. His Carvel made it plain that, given a "rapier" part, he can make it flash and dash as well as the best of them.

Manager Shea will have a distinct novelty to offer his patrons next week in the "Orpheum Show." This is the first annual tour of the vaudeville company which the great Orpheum Circuit of vaudeville theaters is sending out. The organization is composed of forty artists, said to be the cream in all branches of up-to-date vaudeville. The Newsky troupe will make its first appearance in Toronto. The company, composed of five women and three men, appear in the various court and peasant costumes of Russia. Severus Schaffer is one of the acknowledged kings of equilibrist. He is of the famous original Viennese family of athletes, and some of his marvelous feats of handling all sorts of mundane things in mid-air have never even been



WILL M. CRESSY AND BLANCHE DAYNE AT SHEA'S NEXT WEEK.

attempted by other artists. The very quintessence of quaintness appertains to Will M. Cressy, author and comedian, who is accompanied by Blanche Dayne. The couple present here for the first time their new comedy, The Key of C. Johnson, Davenport and Lorello are comedy eccentrics and should open up an inexhaustible fund of humor by their athletic feats in The Farmer and the Football Players. Louise Dresser, one of the handsomest women on the stage, has been described by an enthusiastic admirer as "a jewel in a pickaninny setting." Her beautiful gowns, handsome stage appointments, and sweet voice, are said to make one of the most attractive acts in vaudeville. Jack Norworth, the "jail bird coon"; Bertie Fowler, mimic and eccentric comedienne; William Weston and Ella Herbert, comedy musicians, and the novelty comiograph, which shows comic and sensational moving pictures in colors, complete an enticing bill.

An event of considerable local importance is the presentation of the comic opera Said Pasha at the Grand, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon, this week. The performances are under the direction of Senor Rafo' Gonzalez, who possesses an excellent tenor voice, and who has had a wide experience in grand opera. Heading the list of local celebrities taking part are: Mrs. H. W. Parker, A.T.C.M.; Miss Minnie McNeil, Miss Helena Carr, Mr. Edgar Flavell, Mr. Freddie La Flamme, Mr. Bruce Larson, and Mr. H. M. Sampson. The orchestra and chorists are under the direction of Mr. Arthur Blakeley.

A new play, founded on the life of Nell Gwyn, will be given at the Grand next week, under the name of Mistress Nell. The success that Marie Tempest and Julia Neilson are making of this theme in London need not be dilated upon. Henrietta Crossman, who plays it here, has had the field all to herself in America. Miss Crossman will, it is promised, be supported by a strong company, and the engagement will be for the entire week.

Sol Smith Russell's play, Peaceful Valley, will be the next offering of the Valentines, and Mr. Robert Evans, who made such a success in A Parisian Romance, will have the role of Hosea Howe.

Like Samson of old, Mrs. Leslie Carter has hair that is decidedly useful in her business. It is not to be despised, a gift of this sort. Her sponsor, David Belasco, places great reliance on this feature of the actress' equipment. One of her plays is to be based on the history of Madame Dubarry, and it is regarded as specially fortunate that the famous courtesan had red hair. Another sort of heroine is to be seen in a play called The Red Mouse. As the heroine gets her name from her personal appearance, the supposition is that the color and quality of Mrs. Carter's hair were a part of the inspiration to the production of the play. It may be well to suggest that dramatists who contemplate writing plays for Mrs. Carter should devote some attention to the color of the heroine's hair.

If an abundance of thrilling incident is the essence of melodrama, then the play which comes to the Toronto Opera House next week realizes the fullest possibilities in this form of dramatic work. It is Charles E. Blaney's Chinese-American play, The King of the Opium Ring, and begins with action that is calculated to enthrall those susceptible to sensational situations, and never relaxes its grip until the fall of the curtain on the last act. The story is intensely melodramatic, but such that plenty of opportunity is afforded for comedy.

Golf.

VARDON has come and gone, carrying away with him his usual victory, and leaving us wiser and perhaps sadder golfers. Beyond doubt, he demonstrated his ability as a player of the first order, though handicapped by the roughness of the course, which he criticized in no gentle terms. Those who stay at home don't quite realize the condition of Canadian courses as compared with those of England and the States. When we come to look matters fairly in the face, and put our last half-dozen years of experience together, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the Ganton man's sizing up was about right. His criticisms both as regards courses and players in Canada hit the nail on the head, and will doubtless do good.

It is not now so hard to explain the defeat of our players by the States over the lower's good courses. The home-bred players cannot be surpassed at the long



V. C. BROWN.

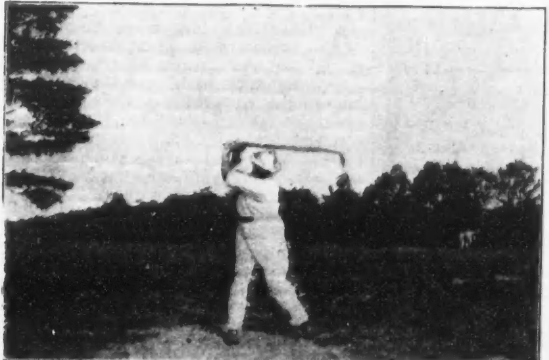
game, but when it comes to fine approach work and putting, they drop below zero. There is no incentive to accurate work in this branch in Canada, as compared with England and the States, as so much has to be left to chance.

Vardon's work from the tee was no better than Mr. Lyon's, in fact but for a couple of drives that the Canadian topped, he would have worsted the professional in this department. Mr. Lyon kept better to the line and drove quite as long balls as Vardon. This was especially noticeable at the eleventh hole, "the Orchard," each time. The distance is 250 yards, with a deep cutting running across some 45 yards from the cup. Both times Vardon put great force into his drives to get over the cutting, but each time pulled his ball into the trees at the left, and lay at about 150 yards. Mr. Lyon, on the contrary, though not pressing to accomplish it, drove each time in a straight line to within eight feet of the cutting, lying as far on as Vardon. At the eighth hole, "the Low West," on each round, Mr. Lyon drove a longer and straighter ball than the pro, who pulled slightly into the fence, and once, but for a lucky kick, would have gone under. Playing the thirteenth hole, in the second round, Vardon found himself in difficulty. He sliced his ball to the right of the line and got a bad lie among long grass, and his second with an iron landed among the hawthorne bushes. He chopped out left-handed and with a fine approach ran four feet of the hole, and would have gone down in his next for 6, but Mr. Lyon, who had lost his second in the trees to the left, dropped another ball, which he played for a grand brassy and with a fine approach putted out in 5. Mr. Brown's work throughout the day was not up to his standard, though he made some good holes. His best piece of work was at "the Plateau," the seventeenth, on the last round, when his drive laid him dead and he went down for 2, to Vardon's 4. Several of his drives were equal to the Englishman's, though he failed at different times in the most critical places. Lyon's work up to the last nine holes was



HARRY VARDON AT ROSEDALE.

uniformly good in all departments. Vardon's work on the approaches was superb, as were his cleek shots, and this is where he won. He was badly handicapped on his approaches, however, as almost every ball he pitched did stunts in the most eccentric fashion. At the cricket field hole, on the second round, he played in his true form. His cleek from the tee took him about 135 yards, getting a fair lie slightly to the left and about 35 yards from the cup. With a beautiful stroke with his mid-iron he pitched on to the center of the green, and dropped neatly into the cup for 2. This hole is bogey 4. Playing "the Home" on both rounds, he used his cleek in two of the prettiest shots over the ravine that could be imagined, getting more than the distance, 186 yards, each time. His brassy shots were a



G. S. LYON.

revelation, though he only used his club four times. He whipped these shots out from 180 to 200 yards.

When using his wooden clubs, which have the most slender and pliable shafts, the effect given was that of

whipping. One saw the shafts bending and heard them sing as he came down on the ball. He does very little addressing, and plays a very quick game. Every motion of his body is easy and free, and he never seems to exert himself. One is struck, however, with the great strength he displays in his forearm, wrist and hand. His putting was alternately disappointing and brilliant, but what good work he did on the greens showed that he can putt when he wants to and has the opportunity.

The match ended at the fifteenth hole, with Vardon 5 up and 3 to play, though the balance of the holes were played. The scores were as follows:

Vardon.	
Out.	5 3 5 5 5 4 4 4 4
In.	4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3
Out.	3 3 4 5 6 7 4 4 4
In.	3 5 4 6 3 2 3 4 3—145

Brown.	
Out.	4 5 4 5 5 6 4 5 5
In.	5 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 4
Out.	4 5 6 5 6 5 1 0 1
In.	3 5 4 6 4 4 6 2 5—169

Lyon.	
Out.	3 5 4 5 6 5 3 0 5
In.	4 4 5 5 3 4 4 3 3
Out.	4 3 4 4 7 6 5 5 5
In.	4 5 5 5 5 3 5 4 5—161

Vardon's round of 72 cuts the record of the course down by one. Ritchie formerly held it at 73. Vardon's first round on Friday with Secretary Baxter stood at 73.

Mr. M. McLaughlin, the president of the Rosedale Golf Club, dined Vardon and his manager, Mr. C. S. Cox, together with Mr. V. C. Brown, Mr. G. S. Lyon, and Mr. D. W. Baxter, at the National Club on Friday evening, after which the party attended the performance at Shea's.

The attendance at the match was excellent, and, as predicted, the following was the best ever seen in Canada, the fair sex forming a goodly portion of the spectators.

HAZARD.

Notes From the Capital.



HE Governor-General and Lady Minto are making the return journey from the Klondike very leisurely, with stops-over at any place which has sufficient attractions to offer. Judging by the time they have taken to reach Regina, it will be well into October before we have the pleasure of seeing them back at Government House, Ottawa. The end of this week they are expected in Prince Albert, and after that they come down to Brandon, where they, with their staff, will be the guests of Hon. Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoff. These journeys of His Excellency must recall to his mind a former occasion when he visited the North-West Territories, and when he did a great deal of moving from place to place, but not in such an easy-going or comfortable manner as in the present case. At Macleod the vice-regal party were the guests of Mr. Elliot Gault. Captain Harry Graham, A.D.C., is still in attendance, and Mr. Arthur Sladen, of the Governor-General's Department, has filled the position of private secretary to His Excellency during the entire journey. Captain Bell, who was A.D.C. to General Hutton, has been selected by Lord Minto to fill the vacant position on the vice-regal staff, and is at present on his way from South Africa. During his aide-ship to the General, Captain Bell was extremely popular, and everybody seems pleased that he is coming back. He possesses most of the qualifications generally considered necessary for the successful A.D.C. He is young—not married, nor engaged—good looking, bright in conversation, skates well and dances well—at least neither too badly—and he has a sufficiently good memory to remember names as well as faces. Mr. Mann, who has recently left the staff, had a great many good qualities, indeed as far as a casual observer of his skating and dancing could form an opinion, there was no reason why he should not have succeeded in giving satisfaction. But I believe he had a very poor memory—a sort of memory that was always getting him, or someone else, into trouble, causing what might easily be termed "contretemps." One of these "contretemps" occurred when, on a certain occasion, Lord and Lady Minto decided to give an extra skating party last winter, and ordered the A.D.C. in waiting to send out a hundred or so invitations. The cards were written, and on the afternoon appointed the vice-regal host and hostess were ready to receive their guests. The band played; the tea and coffee steamed away in the urns on the refreshment table; two or three friends who had been invited by telephone pirouetted over the smooth surface of the rink, but nobody came. By four o'clock something was known to be wrong; then the A.D.C.'s were interrogated, and it dawned upon one of them that he had forgotten to send out the cards.

Earncliffe is still undergoing the process of restoration. The painters and plumbers are not yet out of it, and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harris, who had hoped to be settled there by the beginning of October, are now obliged to take a small furnished house, as they were obliged to leave the beautiful house where they were living owing to its being taken for the winter by General O'Grady-Haly. Mrs. Hayter Reed and Miss Lowrey are in town at present.

The Ottawa Ladies' Golf Club have invited the Rosedale Ladies' Golf Club to play them on the Chelsea links early in October. Meantime they are putting themselves into the best possible shape for meeting these excellent players. Handicap matches are in progress this week, and next week the club championship matches will be on. There has not been a golf tea as yet; that is, a tea to which outsiders were invited. Last week, Friday morning was so dark and threatening that the tea arranged for that afternoon was called off. It is proposed to have one this Friday afternoon, should weather permit.

Mrs. Edward Miall and Miss Miall left on Tuesday of this week for Toronto, where they will remain until it is time to move into their comfortable apartments at the Russell for the winter. Miss Miall and her brother, Mr. Edward Miall, jr., who is now in the C.P.R. office at Montreal, only returned to Ottawa the beginning of last July from a twelve months' visit to Europe, the winter months of which were spent in sunny Italy. They made splendid use of their time abroad, and besides doing as other tourists do, they had their bicycles with them, and were enabled to make many delightful excursions off the beaten track. One of the expeditions, of which they may well feel proud, was a cycle ride from Edinburgh to London, with stops by the way at resurrected and brought-up-to-date coaching inns. There is no better way to study a country than to bicycle through it—and in England the beautifully-kept roads make this pleasant as well as possible. An Ottawa man who did some cycling in England last summer has just returned, Mr. Leslie Macoun, who was a passenger in the Parisian last week. Mr. Macoun, in company with Mr. Howard Buck, formerly of Ottawa, but now residing in London, and Mr. Harry Evans, devoted several weeks to bicycle touring in Devonshire and Cornwall. Mrs. H. P. Wright, widow of the popular Dr. Wright, was also a passenger in the Parisian, having returned from a summer spent in the Highlands.

AMARYLLIS.

The new Duke of Argyll declared the other day that he could not distinguish between Pop Goes the Weasel and God Save the Queen.



The Mysterious Fate of the Steamer "Waubuno."

THE story of the wreck of the steamer "Waubuno" has about it an air of mystery uncommon to such occurrences on the Great Lakes, and savors somewhat of a tale from the deep sea, when all that is ever known is that some vessel left port, was reported overdue, failed to reach her destination, and some pieces of floating wreckage, and, perchance, a battered lifeboat or two are alone left to explain the tale of disaster. Not quite so vague and uncertain was the fate of the "Waubuno," but very like it. Time has brought to light many things not known at the time of the wreck, but little light has been thrown on the mystery itself. Although the wreck must have occurred within less than a mile of land, not one single person, either passenger or sailor, was saved, and not a body was ever recovered. Months after the wreck, the battered hull was found, floating bottom up, in a snug bay far in among the islands; and years afterward fishermen dragged up from the bottom of the bay some articles which were recognized as belonging to the "Waubuno," and which must have sunk where the ill-fated steamer was lost.

The "Waubuno" was built in 1865. She was a side-wheeler of about a hundred and fifty feet in length and forty feet beam. In her early days the steamer made trips to or from any port where freight was to be picked up, sometimes going up to Thunder Bay, Lake Superior, where a Hudson Bay post was the only sign of civilization, then to some lumber depot on the almost unknown north shores of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, calling periodically at Parry Sound, where the late Wm. Beatty, one of the steamer's owners, was trying to carve a model temperance settlement out of the forest.

At the time just before the wreck, the "Waubuno" had become somewhat weakened by age, and her machinery was insufficient to enable her to successfully face the gale. Her earnings had helped build a number of larger and better boats, so the old boat was relegated to the Parry Sound and Collingwood route, exclusively, the trade of which was growing into large proportions. On this route the exposed portion was the twenty-eight mile run between Hope Island and Lone Rock, and a considerable part of that even could be avoided by heading for Moose Point and running into the sound by way of the south channel. As the captain could easily choose his weather and lie to behind the islands when the sea was too rough for safety or the comfort of his passengers, nobody dreamed of the possibility of a wreck on that short run, unless it was some inexperienced land-lubber. A rival company, however, had put on the same route a new and much faster steamer, which was dodging in and out the east and north shore ports ahead of the "Waubuno," picking up passengers and freight in a manner exasperating to both crew and owners. It is possible that a desire to mend this state of affairs led to the "Waubuno's" wreck, as otherwise her captain would probably have tied up to an island in safety and waited for the gale to blow over. It is more than hinted that Captain Burkett was more than once or twice taunted with allowing the new steamer to out-sail and out-weather him, and it is said, too, that he would not be out-sailed.

A PREMONITION OF EVIL.

Saturday, November 22nd, 1879, was a wild and winter-like day. The wind blew a gale, and snow squalls were frequent. All the previous day it had been blowing great guns, and the "Waubuno" lay at the dock at Collingwood with one of the biggest loads of freight of the season, and a number of passengers, with her crew of fourteen, waiting for the gale to moderate sufficiently to enable her to start for Parry Sound. Among the passengers were Mr. B. Noel Fisher, the then publisher and proprietor of the "North Star," of Parry Sound, a Dr. Doupe and his bride of three weeks, from Mitchell, Ont., on their way to McKellar village, where the doctor intended to practise his profession. There were also a Mr. Sylvester and wife, a man named Griffith, of Gananoque, and three or four other men whose names are unknown. Several Parry Sound people and others narrowly escaped being victims by being left behind, and a few who went to sleep at an hotel instead of staying on board, lived to rejoice in their escape. In connection with the sad loss of Dr. Doupe and his bride, it is said that Mrs. Doupe had a great dread of the water, and the night before the "Waubuno" sailed she had a dream in which she saw the steamer wrecked and herself, her husband and fellow passengers in the water fighting for their lives. In the morning she told her husband of her dream, and, with tears, besought him not to venture out on the boat, but the doctor made light of her dream and her fears, attributed both to nervousness, said their furniture and effects were on the boat, their tickets paid for, and that it would cost a large sum to go around by Gravenhurst and the road, and so, much against her will, she gave way to his arguments and consented to remain on the boat. This incident is no fancy sketch, but is vouched for by many responsible people to whom Mrs. Doupe told her dream the day before the "Waubuno" sailed her last trip.

During Friday night, November 21st, the wind lulled somewhat, and Captain Burkett, saying the worst of the storm was over, pulled out of Collingwood harbor at 4 a.m. Saturday, without waiting for the passengers who had gone to the hotel for the night. The only person who saw the "Waubuno" afloat after she left Collingwood was Hoar, the Christian Island lighthouse keeper, who saw her as she passed his light, bound north, apparently all right. About noon the same day some lumbermen working in the vicinity of Moon River heard a whistle which they recognized as the "Waubuno's," sounding as if in distress, but little attention was paid to it at the time, as they thought she was signalling some person on one of the islands. From the direction of the sound of the whistle, these men afterward came to the conclusion that Captain Burkett had tried to reach Parry Sound by way of Lone Rock, but, unable to find the rock in the blinding snowstorm, had turned the boat around and tried to get into the calm waters of the south channel by way of the Haystack Rocks.

SHE NEVER REACHED PORT.

At about 10 a.m. of the fateful Saturday, the opposition steamer "Magnetawan," owned by the Georgian Bay Lumber Co., also pulled out of Collingwood for Parry Sound, but Captain J. O'Donnell, the master, finding the weather too thick and the sea still running high, decided to remain under shelter of Christian Island until the weather cleared. Reaching Parry Sound at noon on Monday (24th), the crew of the "Magnetawan" were surprised that the "Waubuno" had not arrived, and that nothing had been seen or heard of her. It was supposed the steamer, unable to find Lone Rock, had run into the south channel, where she was possibly stuck in shallow water, as she was heavily laden and the water low.

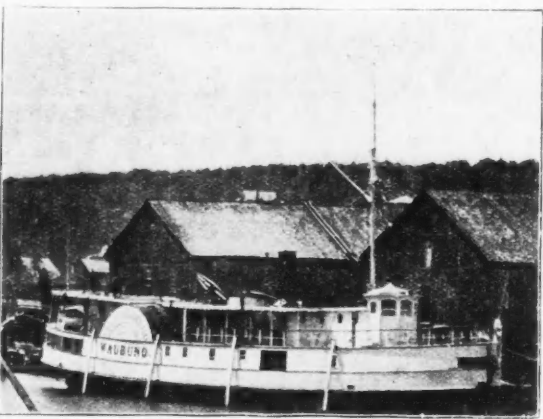
In order to render assistance if needed, the Parry Sound Lumber Company's tug "Mittie Grew" was sent down the south channel in search of the missing steamer. Captain Burritt, the master of the tug, and his crew made a hasty examination of the south channel, and picked up a lifeboat of the "Waubuno," some pieces of wreckage, as well as cases of freight, and also saw a piece of the steamer's paddle-box, with the letters "Waub" painted on it. They remained until dark in the vicinity, running by the adjacent islands, sounding their whistle, and doing all in their power to attract the attention of any of the passengers or crew who might have made their escape to the shore; but all was in vain. Returning to Parry Sound for orders and assistance, the next morning the tug was again sent to the scene of the wreck, with a scow, a sailboat, and a number

of volunteers, chief among whom were Messrs. A. Starkey, now of Wrenbury Hall, Cheshire, and the late Thos. R. Caton. From the heavy wreckage which had come ashore on a small rocky island near the Haystacks, it was evident the vessel had come to grief somewhere off the south entrance, near Moose Point. Every island for several miles north and south was strewn with wreckage of the lost boat; apples strewn the shores of the islands as from orchards after a fall gale. Bags of flour, bales and boxes of dry goods, chests of tea, bundles of paper, and various kinds of freight, as well as some of the steamer's furniture, were picked up and taken care of. Indians and half-breeds and other fresh water pirates swarmed around the islands like vultures on the field of battle, fighting among themselves for the plunder cast ashore, and from the cases broken open they abstracted enough dry goods and readymade clothing to fit them out for a long time. A good deal of stuff was rescued by the crew of the tug and the volunteer helpers, which was brought into Parry Sound and turned over to the proper owners, but no trace of the passengers and crew of the lost ship could be found.

Mr. Starkey and a number of friends remained on the scene with his schooner yacht "Ida," and continued the search as long as there was any chance of any one surviving on an island, but their search was vain, and they sadly returned home, convinced that not a soul had escaped. Until winter set in, search for bodies was kept up unsuccessfully.

THE UPTURNED HULL.

All through the winter, stories of the finding of the wrecked steamer's hull were in circulation in and around Parry Sound, but it was not until the latter part of March that anything like authentic information was received. Then Mr. Ireland, who had purchased the "North Star," found an Indian named Pedonquot who averred that he had found the hull, bottom up, in a little bay behind Moose Point, some three or four miles south-east of the Haystacks. A party was at once organized by Mr. Starkey and the editor, the Indian Pedonquot was hired, and the party drove down the south channel on the ice on March 30th, 1880, finding the Indian's story to be strictly true. Thus four months after the wreck, the hull of the lost vessel was found, but how she had drifted into the haven in which she was found, whether she had capsized in the open water, been stripped of her upper works, or had struck a shoal



THE STEAMER WAUBUNO.

and then rolled over, there was no means of determining, and there never will be "till the sea gives up its dead."

As soon as navigation opened, Messrs. Starkey and Ireland and John Rowland, of the Globe Hotel, Collingwood, whose son John was purser of the lost steamer, went down to the scene of the wreck in the yacht "Ida" and spent a considerable time in searching the islands for bodies, but beyond finding more wreckage and freight, nothing was discovered. Later a hole was cut in the bottom of the hull and a further search for bodies made, but only freight, wood and wreckage were found, but evidence was not wanting that the vessel had overturned before the upper works broke up. Still later, the owners of the vessel turned the hull right side up in the hope of finding the bodies of the firemen, but nothing was discovered. All summer, search for bodies was continued at intervals, but although the islands were thoroughly examined for miles from the wrecked hull, no trace of the lost ones was ever found. There had been on the steamer when wrecked a team of horses, one or two cows, and two or three dogs, but none of these ever went ashore or were found. Every life preserver of the steamer was picked up, none having been used, showing that the wreck occurred suddenly and without warning, otherwise some of the unfortunates would doubtless have put on life preservers and taken to the lifeboats.

There was no sign on the bottom of the hull that it had struck the rocks, but that it had capsized seemed borne out by the fact of the "Sampson post" being driven through the bottom of the hull.

THE MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED.

A discovery was made by Mr. Starkey which pointed to the wreck having occurred on Haystack Reef, he having found iron rods and parts of the machinery in sixteen feet of water. Not having any means of lifting this stuff, Mr. Starkey abandoned the search on the reefs. Two years ago Mr. Archie Campbell, a fisherman, while fishing up some of his nets on Haystack Reef, brought to the surface one of the lost steamer's handtrucks, some chains and other articles, thus verifying Mr. Starkey's discovery, but leaving the manner of the wreck as great a mystery as at first. Nothing but the vaguest conjecture can ever be made as to what led to the wreck on that awful day, and how the passengers of the lost boat met their fate. Not a particle of the main deck of the "Waubuno" has ever been found, which leads to the assumption that it was carried to the bottom by the weight of iron and other heavy freight in the vessel's hold, and some firmly believe that the vessel upset, the machinery and heavy freight carrying the main deck down, and with it the helpless victims.

Mrs. Fisher, widow of the lost editor of the "North Star," sued the owners of the steamer for heavy damages, but two special juries were unable to agree as to the cause of the wreck, and the suit, as well as a number of others, had to be dropped. A mass of evidence was adduced as to the condition of the steamer, but of such a contradictory character as to puzzle both judge and jury.

The wreck caused the loss of twenty-four lives and upwards of \$10,000 worth of freight, which composed the cargo of the vessel, very little of which was recovered, and that in a damaged condition. To this day the hull of the wrecked "Waubuno" lies in that snug bay near Moose Point where it drifted so mysteriously on that day in November, 1879, and at low water parts of it protrude above the surface and are viewed by many a curious hunter after strange sights.

Other wrecks there have been, but about none things the veil of mystery as it does about the hull of the old "Waubuno."

Mark Twain's Boyhood.

MOST of the boys who went to school with Mark Twain are dead; but in the hills of north-east Missouri one may yet come across white-bearded, pleasant-mannered old fellows who played the pranks and knew the hairbreadth 'scapes of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Thousands upon thousands of boys will be happy to know that nearly all of the atmosphere that surrounded Huck and Tom is just about as it was fifty years ago, when the boys ranged the hills, the river, the islands and the Cave. Scores of other "Hucks" and "Toms" have come and gone, and many



Sleepy Sam—Sh—sh—sh— Don't move, we're takin' us for the babes in the woods.—"Life."

others are doing pretty much the same thing, right now, that the originals did.

If you were to go to Hannibal to-day and make inquiry for some of the "boys" who went to school with Sam Clemens, you would, says the "Saturday Evening Post," probably be directed to Ed Pierce and Charley Curtis, now old grey-beards. When Ed Pierce, Sam Clemens, Bill Nash and Ruel Gridley were boys together there was a mill near which the youngsters loved to gather. This mill was in the center of a narrow valley, and at the top of the long, steep inclines that ran away from it were great stones, tossed there in bygone ages by the wondrous hand of Nature.

"Sam Clemens and the others of us used to tear those stones loose," said Ed Pierce on a recent Sunday, "sometimes working days and nights together to get a particularly big one free. Then we'd start her down the hill. One time we cut loose a whaler, and when we saw the course it was taking, we began to shiver in our boots. It would hit the mill. Once the stone struck a flat place on the slope and we held our breathing in the hope that it would stop. We grabbed each other by the shirt-sleeves and strained our eyes as the great rock paused, wobbled, struck a smaller rock, and then, with a whirl to one side, set off to the bottom with a speed that would have filled our hearts with joy if the mill had not been there."

"Mebbe she'll hit something an' turn out," Sam suggested.

"Sure enough, at that instant the rolling stone struck a small boulder and shot twenty feet down a side course, but our relief was of short life, for there was yet another boulder in just the right position to restore the course of our big one. While we were watching, the head miller appeared at one of the doors. He grasped the situation in an instant, and calling his helpers out he and the others ran for their lives. Sam and I waited for the stone to strike. It went through the wall and landed far inside the mill. Then we got away. Many times we sent rocks down that hill. As I look back at it, I wonder that we didn't kill some one."

Not many years ago—less than fifteen, perhaps—Mr. Clemens went to Hannibal for the purpose of spending a short time amid the scenes of his boyhood. In the course of his visit he was much in the company of his life-long friend, Colonel Ro Bards, who was one of the pillars of the community. With Colonel Ro Bards he made a tour of the churches one bright Sunday morning, taking particular interest in the children. At the place of his first visit the host told the Sunday school superintendent that the distinguished visitor would be glad to address the little folks. Mr. Clemens at once grew reminiscent. He was glad to be home again, back among the hills of his early youth, where he knew every rock and gully. It was good to be in the old home Sunday school again. Here Colonel Ro Bards and the superintendent exchanged glances of doubt.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "and you must know how it delights me to be in this Sunday school where every bench is to me as an old friend. I sat right over there where the stove used to be—right in that seat where the little girl with the red dress is now. Ah, how it all comes back to me!"

Then Colonel Ro Bards pulled at the famous man's coat-tails and indicated that it was time to hurry on. At the next Sunday school Mr. Clemens was soon on his feet.

"My dear friends," he said, "I'm so happy to be here again, close to scenes I once knew so well, for right there, within twenty feet of where I stand, is the seat in which I used to sit with Charley Curtis (or some one equally well known). How well I remember it all!"

Colonel Ro Bards blushed for his guest and begged a pressure of time as an excuse for leaving. When the two were safely out of the church, Colonel Ro Bards turned on him.

"See here, Sam," he said, "you never went to Sunday school in that church. It wasn't there when you lived in Hannibal, or the other one, either, for that matter."

"Goodness me! Can that be so?" Mr. Clemens exclaimed. "How time does fly!"

Some Indexes to Character.



the city cousin came bounding into the kitchen, devoured with curiosity.

"Tell your character by your hand or your face—what was it?" she asked.

"Do you know any of the rules?" enquired Sally Esther, as she shook some raisins around in the flour sieve.

"Let me see. They say—let's begin with the nose—wide nostrils show a spendthrift, and pinched looking noses show meanness. Then they say that a long, pointed nose indicates vulgarity, and a short nose refinement. I have a nose that projects further than its length downwards, don't you? The kind that only projects at the tip. An aquiline bend—you know, the rounding nose that reminds you of a bird, that shows firmness of will and justice and lack of great impulsiveness. If the bridge is very thin on an aquiline nose, it shows fastidiousness and self-sufficiency and tenderness. Then a nose with a hump up near the eyes goes with all the active qualities—combativeness, eagerness, passionate temper, hatred, jealousy, ambition. Haven't you noticed how people with humped noses bully people? But, of course, if a nose is awfully lumpy, you hate it. I abhor a big, fat, lumpy Roman nose, and I never like the people who have one. A very broad bridge to the nose shows—dear me, what does it show?" said the city cousin, looking at Sally Esther's nose, at a loss for once.

"I don't know, but somebody once said it meant benevolence," said Sally Esther.

"That was well said, because you are good-natured," said the city cousin.

"Sometimes, but I have an awful temper, and there is a slight hump on my nose, but it is good and high up, I am thankful to say. I disapprove of a hump right in the middle of a nose; it doesn't look pretty, and besides lots of people with that kind of a nose get in jail for bigamy, or breach of promise. Do you like Greek noses?" asked

Sally, as she slid the loaves out of the oven into her lap and carried them to the pantry.

"Oh, those classic noses people are often fascinating, but they seem awfully lazy and moony. They play some outlandish instrument, and paint on china or write poetry, usually, and they wear lovely clothes and walk very gracefully, and smile like the last rose of summer, and stand around admiring themselves and everything that costs a lot. They flirt outrageously, and are as heartless about throwing people over as they can be. They seem to lack humanity, you know—even cruel people with Roman noses have a certain sensibility and insight and sympathy, but the straight-nosed people are neither cruel nor humane. They don't know enough to be either. They are not greedy, but they take everything you give them, and say 'thank you' politely enough, but you just feel in your bones that they don't appreciate what you do for them, and that your sacrifices never thrill them at all. But as long as you don't want any special appreciation or sympathy, or if you want somebody to waste affection on, I would recommend the people with straight, Grecian noses." The city cousin's eyes snapped.

"What about people with little noses? I know so many people with little, indistinct noses, who are very amiable and nice and good," said Sally Esther, as she scrubbed the bread-board.

"Yes, a small nose, especially if it is sort of knobby and doesn't turn up, goes with a very lovable nature sometimes. It is generally blonde people who have little noses, though, don't you think? But, somehow, they fail in life. Either they never get rich, or else they never get married, or they never fulfill their early promises of greatness. They peter out. If they happen to be dark people with these little noses, they generally develop a few bad qualities and succeed fairly well, but they even then make a lot of mistakes. They don't seem to be able to hoodoo people enough."

"But I like turned-up noses," said the city cousin, as she put on an apron and made a bluff at peeling potatoes, "they are so unexpected. But I like them with what you call 'temperament' and dark eyes. The blonde ones are mulish. But the dark ones are delightful. If they have blue eyes and are dark otherwise, they seem to generally be versatile—and very sensible, and wise, and capricious, and idealistic—the queerest combinations of fun and wisdom. They never bother you. The dark ones attract sweethearts and generally have dozens of enemies, and they sing or recite indescribably, and you cry and laugh at their bidding. The girl snubs are the ones I know most about. Their voices bewitch you, and their eyes talk, and they are audacious and flirtatious, and fickle and demonstrative and capable, and thorough housekeepers, and adorable nurses, and daring and obstinate, and generally homely, but you never notice. They never get the blues, and they sometimes talk a lot about themselves and carry a lot of sail, but they always laugh at their own pretenses when you have seen through them, and they put on more just to show you they dare. But then a nose is not everything. I know lots more kinds of noses that are half turned up—but they are pinched somehow, and they are so repulsive, and the big fat red turned down humped noses that you just know belong to rubber-necks and sneaks and brutes—ugh! there are no ends of kinds. Sometimes people seem to have too big a nose for the size of their head, and the head tapers backwards and forwards and the mouth won't stay closed—those people always have to work hard to get anything accomplished. They don't seem to have any electric generator inside of them, and they doesn't seem to be idle for fear their mental machinery will get out of order. They are usually very nervous and thin and undecided. Undecided because they can't be bothered making up their minds until they have to. They are brilliant and industrious—but they ought always to have good things to eat and lots of company."

"You know, lots of people are stupid when you expect them to be brilliant, and clever when you think they are going to be stupid—that is because they have a queer way of taking other people's thoughts right away through their eyes and using them, and they can only steal like that when there is something handy to steal. So you see they are apt to be geniuses because they have that power of using other people's power to work their own mental electric plant. And geniuses are liable to be very hard to manage, and they have queer ideas and queer eyes. I think you must be a genius, Sally, because you have green eyes, and they sometimes make me feel nervous."

"Do you think I would make a good actress?" asked Sally Esther, gaily.

International Cricket.

THE International match is over, and the United States team has again come out on top, making their fourth consecutive win. The Canadian eleven put up a great game, the finish being one of the closest recorded in the matches between the two countries.

In the first innings of the Canadians, the six new men—Messrs. Lowndsbrough, Chambers, Straubenzie, Ledger, Baldwin and Wright—made a total of 48, but in the second a rot seemed to have set in among them, for their combined scores only totaled 25, and Major Straubenzie was responsible for 12 of these. The "old hands," in their first venture, did not bat up to anything like form, the five of them—Messrs. Counsell, Gillespie, Hill, Forrester and Logan—only making 28, of which 15 went to Captain Logan's credit; but in the second innings they pulled themselves together and responded with 83.

Mr. H. C. Hill carried off the bowling honors, capturing nine wickets for a little less than ten runs apiece.

Mr. Wright's wicket-keeping must have been of the best, for the extras in the two innings only show 17, while the balls that got past the United States wicket-keeper gave Canada 44 runs.

To be beaten by only 15 is a credit to the team of "colts" that the Canadian Cricket Association selected, and next year at Rosedale an eleven similar to it should turn the tables.

How little man knows of his fellow-man—unless he lives in a village.



THE KICK OFF.
(Enter Football, exit Cricket.)

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Anecdotal.

One day, before the late Lord Russell was elevated to the bench, he was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," instantly replied Russell.

W. S. Gilbert, meeting the editor of "Punch" one day, remarked as he was leaving him: "By the by, Burnand, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Burnand, "thousands."

"Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert, as he put out his hand to say good-bye.

In the course of the terrible march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundee to Ladysmith the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough journey. One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer passed. "Sir," said Michael, "what country is this we're marching over?" "The Natal tableland, my man," was the reply. "Bedad, sir," said Michael, "I think the table's turned upside down, and we're walking over the legs of it!"

J. M. Barrie's story of how a telegraph editor, receiving a despatch that the Zulus had "taken umbrage," headed the news "Capture of Umbrage by the Zulus," has been paralleled by an editor in the West. Shortly after the anti-Semitic riots in Austria, a slight shock of earthquake was felt in the vicinity of Vienna, and a cable despatch put tersely that there had been "seismic disturbances" near the capital. He headed the item, "Down With the Jews!"

Among all the horrors of war humorous situations often occur. An English army surgeon in South Africa tells an amusing story of an Englishwoman of high rank who was engrossed by the charms of amateur nursing. One morning, on approaching the cot of a soldier to whom she had given especial attention, she found him with his eyes tightly closed and a piece of paper pinned on the sheet, on which was written: "To ill to be nursed to-day. Respectfully, J. L."

The late John J. Ingalls was employed by certain flash newspapers to write accounts of all sorts of events and sign his name to them. In the course of his contact with the sporting fraternity the ex-senator made the acquaintance of John L. Sullivan, and

one day, after examining the pugilist's muscles and beating a tattoo on his chest, he asked: "Sullivan, why don't you enter the ring again and try to win the championship from Corbett?" "For the same reason," answered Sullivan, "that you didn't enter the race for senator; I consider one knockout enough."

De Wet has got to the penny puzzle stage of popularity in England. He extracted a nimble penny from one of the most cautious of the correspondents of the London "Chronicle," who writes: "Yesterday, in the city, I purchased for the conventional penny a 'puzzle' card from an itinerant vendor. On it was an outline of the territory lately ruled by Mr. Kruger, with the wording: 'This is the Transvaal; find De Wet.' I turned the card about, but could discover no outline suggestive of the eel-like Boer general. Then I applied to the vendor for information. With a grin he answered, 'Ye can't find De Wet, guv'nor? No more can anybody else find him! E ain't there; he's sloped, as per usual. Now, ain't the sell worth a bloomin' penny?'"

The story of the cyclist who found over the door of a Cheshire church the cheerful text, "This is the gate of Heaven," with the modifying postscript, "This door is closed in the winter months," recalled to the "Tablet" another incongruity of a rather similar kind. Cardinal Manning went one day to his publishers for a copy of a book of his own—"Confidence in God." The order was shouted down to the stock room, whence came the reply, "Manning's 'Confidence in God' all gone." The Cardinal heard and smiled. It happened that he was just then in a very pessimistic mood, owing to the apathy, as he thought it, of his clergy about an agitation (of Mr. Stead's) with which he sympathized and they did not. The Cardinal took the reply as an intended lesson, and he left Orchard street a wiser and a happier man.

Two Little Mothers' Ways.

Whistling Rufus. Rural Fame.

THE little mothers were getting their children ready for the small and early party which is the babies' first taste of society. One of the little mothers has a brow with lines on it and a mouth a trifle drawn. "Now, remember, Gwendolyn," said she, in a tone of solemn finality, "that you behave like a little lady, and don't forget to say good-bye to Gladys and her mamma, and don't eat too much ice cream, nor let a speck on your new silk slip. If you do—remember! Now, hurry along; you are late, anyway." Gwen gave her shoulders a shrug and ran off. "Gwendolyn!" shrieked her mamma, "don't race. Walk quietly; you'll be so warm and disagreeable if you race." Poor Gwen! The other little mother tied her small girl's sash deliberately and smoothed her curls. "You darling!" she said, taking the little freckled face in her soft hands and looking into the merry eyes. "Go and have just the best fun! I wish I were your little sister, so I could go too," and little freckle-face danced off, turning many times between the door and the corner to where "Muzzle" was watching her catch the car. Muzzle is a dimpled dumpling of a little woman, who never worries herself or her girl about dress or deportment, but at the party it was little picked-up Toddlers when he fell, and threw her arms round the knees of her gratified hostess as she said good-bye, whispering, warmly: "You do have the loveliest parties for us!"

It is sometimes difficult to draw the line in our tutoring, and know when "nuff sed" has been reached. To burden the hearts of children with warnings and threats and admonitions is only to make them either reckless or sulky and ill at ease. To train the little ones so skillfully that their tastes will naturally gravitate to the desirable and the refined isn't always possible. I can recall my own passionate devotion, in spite of all the powers that were, to a small girl who had nothing to recommend her but a pair of very rosy cheeks and wide blue eyes. I sneaked away to sit with her under shady bushes and talk about all sorts of things. At last she became confident to an extent which overstrained my interest, and I don't remember ever speaking to her again. At the mature age of five I had apparently some limits and an unconscious standard. Somehow, I think we don't realize how easily little minds can be presented with the great thoughts and truths which are all we can attain to if we live ever so long. Little pitchers have sometimes great intelligence, as well as very long ears.

It was Sunday evening, a gentle, damp wind was just moving the curtains in the sky parlor. The Israelites who filled the air with strained minor intonations had gone out, and the Italians whose soft chatter comes up fifty feet and is mellowed yet more in transit had gone in. Suddenly a bird began to sing. I heard it like a dream echo; then louder, those long swirls of melody one gets when a dicky-bird in a cage tries to interrupt family prayers; then soft, low, gurgling notes, the joy of the preer hen; then quick, saucy, impetuous and impatient cheeps of a bird who was out on business and had no time for crescendos and rallentandos; or any graces of shading whatever; then whispering trills, sweeter than any sugar candy; then a burst of wild vocal gymnastics, up, down, across the harps of heaven the bird-notes rang! I dropped my novel and leaned out into the dusk, wondering when an aviary had moved into the flat-building. The boy also listened, but without enthusiasm. "You should hear him do the dog that gets run over. You should hear him tell about the boy out late. Did you hear him killing the rat on Yonge street?" I gazed at the boy, wondering whether the evening tea had gone to his head. The boy laughed. "It's the man with the ten-cent whistles, don't you know? They are playing for him now. Ten! They are playing for him now on the mouth-organ. He's whistling to

it," said the boy, with more interest. Wasn't it a come-down?

The question about the advisability of girls leaving the country to come to the city is following the discussion about the young men who won't stay on the farm. Girls seem to be afraid of burial alive if they stay on the farm, and of being worked to death. I know quite a number of well-to-do farmers' daughters who are discontented since they left school, and who, though they haven't to get up at any unusual hour, nor do any tremendous amount of work, tell me that they will never have a chance if they stay in the country. "I want to make a name," says a girl to me, writing from a country farmhouse. "No one ever did that by being buried alive as I am." Just listen a moment to this sentence, which I have read to-day in Elbert Hubbard's delightful Little Journeys to the homes of famous women: "George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett, Charlotte Bronte and Jane Austen were all country girls, with little companionship, nourished on picked-up classics, having a healthy ignorance of what the world was saying and doing." "Genius," says Mr. Hubbard, "is essentially rural, a country product." Of course, if you want more fame than the four women above named achieved, the country may be a hindrance to you. I should, personally, be content with much less.

LADY GAY.



("Dr. Miguel has discovered that germs live to an advanced age,"—Weekly Paper.) A couple of "Old Uns," seen through "Mr. Punch's" microscope.

Slow Starvation.

The Condition of Those Afflicted With Indigestion.

Flatulency, Sick Headache, Offensive Breath and Eructations, Irritability, and a Feeling of Weight on the stomach are among the symptoms.

Dyspepsia, or indigestion, as it is also frequently called, is one of the most serious ailments that afflicts mankind. When the stomach loses its craving for food, and the power to digest it, the person so afflicted is both mentally and physically in a condition of wretchedness. The symptoms of the disorder are manifold, and among them may be noted a feeling of weight in the region of the stomach, sick headache, offensive breath, heartburn, a disagreeable taste in the mouth, irritability of temper, disturbed sleep, etc. The condition is, in fact, one of slow starvation of the blood, nerves and body, and on the first symptoms treatment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be sought. Mr. William Birt, a well-known blacksmith at Pisquid, P.E.I., is one who suffered for years, and relates his experience for the benefit of similar sufferers. Mr. Birt says: "For many years I was a victim of indigestion, accompanied by nervousness, palpitation of the heart and other distressing symptoms. My appetite was irregular, and what I ate felt like a weight in my stomach; this was accompanied by a feeling of stupor or sleepiness, and yet I rarely enjoyed a night's sound sleep. When I would retire a creeping sensation would come over me, with pains and fluttering around the heart, and then when I arose in the morning I would feel as tired and fatigued as I did before I went to bed. It is needless to say that I was continually taking medicine, and tried, I think, almost everything recommended as a cure for the trouble. Occasionally I got temporary relief, but the trouble always came back, usually in a still more aggravated form. All this, of course, cost a great deal of money, and as the expenditure seemed useless I was very much discouraged. One day one of my neighbors, who had much benefit from Williams' Pink Pills with much benefit, advised me to try them, and I decided to do so, thinking, nevertheless, that it would be but another hopeless experiment. To my great gratification, however, I had only been using the pills a few weeks when I felt decidedly better, and things began to look brighter. I continued taking the pills for several months, with the result that my health was as good and my digestion better than it had ever been. One of the most flattering results of the treatment was my increase in weight from 125 pounds to 155 pounds. It is more than a year now since I discontinued the use of the pills, and in that time I have not had the slightest return of the trouble. We always keep the pills in the house now, and my family have used them for other ailments with the same gratifying results."

These pills may be had from any dealer in medicine, or will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Yankee Pensions.

No pensioner of the Revolutionary war of the United States survives. The last one died in 1869, at the age of 109, but last year there were, and doubtless still are, four Revolutionary widows on the pension rolls, none of them older than eighty-six. Pensioners' widows make little of the lapse of centuries. Judging by precedent, it is not improbable that 150 years from now there will still be

widows drawing pensions on account of the services of their husbands in the late war with Spain.

Only one pensioner who served in the war of 1812 is left. His name is Hiram Cronk. He is 100 years old and lives in Oneida county, New York. About 2,000 widows of 1812 are left in the rolls. The pensioners of the civil war held out very well indeed. Every year on June 30 they are counted. In June, 1898, the number on the lists was 993,714. Last year there were about 2,000 less, and this year also there are fewer than in 1898, but the commissioner says that in 1901 the list will beat the record, because an act of Congress, passed last May, has extended the provisions of the law of 1890 so as to let in many thousands of new claimants. About one-quarter of all the pensions go to widows.

A Fond Father's Method.

A little boy came home one day lately after the school had re-opened, with the following note, duly signed by the principal:

"Dear Sir:—It becomes my duty to inform you that your son shows decided indications of astigmatism, and his case is one that should be attended to without delay."

"Yours faithfully,"

The father sent the following answer the next day:

"Dear Sir:—Whip it out of him."

"Yours truly,"

Not Personally.

The Antiquarian Society of Smithton was holding its anniversary meeting, an occasion of much splendor and importance.

A young woman who acted in the capacity of society reporter for one of the morning papers of the city, in making her rounds for the purpose of securing the names of those in attendance, approached a somewhat elderly but well-preserved spinster, who was moving in her stately manner amid the throng.

"I suppose, Miss Bunham," the reporter said, "jotting down the name in her note-book, 'you are an Antiquarian?'"

"I am a member of the Antiquarian Society," responded Miss Bunham, with great dignity, evidently having an impression that an "antiquarian," objectively considered, was about the same thing as an antiquity.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

We two were lovers, the Sea and I.

We plighted our troth 'neath a summer sky.

And all through the riotous, ardent weather.

We dreamed, and loved, and rejoiced together.

At times my lover would rage and storm.

I said: "No matter, his heart is warm."

Whatever his humor, I loved his ways.

And so we lived through the golden days.

I know not the manner it came about.

But in the autumn we two fell out.

Yet this I know—'twas the fault of the Sea.

And was not my fault, that he changed to me.

I lingered as long as a woman may.

To find what her lover would do or say.

But he met my smiles with a sullen frown.

And so I turned to the wooing Town.

Oh, bold was this sutor, and blithe as a bird.

His look was as bright as the Sea's was cold.

As the Sea was sullen, the Town was gay.

He made me forget for a winter day.

For a winter day and a winter night.

He laughed my sorrow away from sight.

And yet in spite of his mirth and cheer,

I knew full well he was insincere.

And when the young buds burst on the tree.

The old love woke in my heart for the Sea.

Pride was forgotten—I knew, I knew.

That the soul of the Sea, like my own, was true.

I heard him calling, and lo, I came.

To find him waiting, for ever the same.

And when he saw me, with murmurs sweet.

He ran to meet me, and fell at my feet.

And so again 'neath a summer sky.

We have plighted our troth, the Sea and I.

—ELLA WHEELER WIL.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time, by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Annd.—I. You've given me no nom de plume, but perhaps the reference to three automobiles may identify you. These nice little go-carts are getting quite common hereabouts. 2. Your writing shows much refinement and vivacity, strong, dominant will and steady purpose, self-reliance, taste and sympathy; a good reliable hand, feminine and reasonable, though a trifle impulsive. You are methodical and have probably had a business-like training.

Kitty Clover and A Stenographer.—Judging by your two delineations, six years apart, you have indeed developed. My dear, strong appreciation of men in general has nothing to do with marriage. Many a woman is "bon camarade" with any number of men, to whom the notion of marrying any one of them does not in the least appeal. It's a mystery, probably of experience and reincarnation, which we need not enquire into. The eternal feminine isn't eternal this time, but you are—so go on and prosper. So glad about the baby boy. He would surely alter several of your less amiable traits.

British to the Core.—I am sure Kitchenier, with his harder and more material nature, would appeal to you, rather than the more sensitive and humane Roberts. You are very strong, very emphatic and self-reliant, and a man of affairs. You may easily be quite a young man, at all



events you are fickle and like change. A good deal of vitality, a love of the comforts of life, good reasoning powers and clear sequence of ideas, strong affections, generally capable, combative and not easily turned from design.

Your un-Original One.—There are no signs of extravagance; rather a practical and discreet turn, and ideas well under control. It seems your impulse isn't always reliable, but I see no signs that it runs to unjustifiable expenditure. You simply are swayed by contrary currents. There is quite enough originality to be healthy; in fact, enough of everything, only wanting careful direction. You have some ambition, but I don't think it is excessive, and you have plenty of ideas and a reasonable amount of culture. Don't degenerate into a crank. You are ambitious, but the mercury of temperament seems to belong to this study, which has excellent sequence of ideas, expression and a cheerful temper.

Curiosity.—I don't think much of it as an index of character. It is too extravagant, careless and emotional—all gush and display. With the power it has it would make a fine study if properly restrained. You are impulsive, prejudiced and decidedly visionary. The impetus is erratic and the character quite unbalanced. This may make a fascinating woman, with the addition of great culture and a beautiful presence and an amiable and gracious temper. If you have these things your unbridled traits may pass the test, but if not I'd rather you'd have 'em than I. It's a hand with such fierce possibilities of good or ill that its possessor carries a double risk.

Charles S.—Oh, you man! I should say you had the best of it, as far as the mating is concerned. She says she has "vices"—and you protest against my crediting you with one little one, that of occasionally humbugging her—as if every "hubby" didn't do that! Did I also tell you takes of your cleverness and the way you grasp and hang on to an enterprise, and how little you care to rule her, while she is too bright and light and impatient to care to sit on a throne and reign over you? I should say she was the more material of the twain, and that it may be positively your duty to show her only one side at a time. As she will read this, "Cave!"

Dana.—You are ambitious, intuitive, honest and illogical. Some love of beauty, much refinement of thought, great amiability, and some originality are evident. You waste none of your power on imaginary woes, and are truthful, deliberate rather than self-indulgent. It is an attractive but not a magnetic specimen, the writer not being of the blending type and apt to unintentionally rub people the wrong way. All the same, it is a fine, free study.

Idea M.—Just a week's grace, my dear. I've got a famous pot-pourri laid away somewhere; will try to hunt it up before next issue.

Housemaid.—I prize your letter very much. A maid who likes her work, though monotonous, and who writes as well as you do, is a rare jewel.

Pretoria.—Six lines of original matter; my dear lady, you give three, and only one capital for Please and Pretoria. Too little to do more than indicate the scarcity of your resources, I am afraid.

Florence.—Eminently direct, positive and bright in mind and manner. Some pride, great discretion, strong feelings and convictions, ambition, not necessarily for your own advancement, affection, conservatism and excellent force are shown. Writer has strong individuality and a generally breezy and vital personality; a good opinion of herself, and is, perhaps, a little lacking in the sixth sense—fact—but is a firm, loyal and reliable friend. I think she may easily be one of those who do the thing first, and think how it looks afterwards.

B.A.J.—You are a fire child, born under the constellation Sagittarius, the archer.

You should be outspoken and critical, not always considering the feelings of others, but meaning and just, loving the good things



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of life and grumbling if you don't get them. But you are young yet. I'm thinking, and without much experience. You are full of buoyancy and quick thought and action, observing, practical and fond of social intercourse. It seems to me that your hand is not developed as time will make it, later on.

Witsky.—You certainly have large ideas, probably there is lots of room in that head of yours for them—a great deal of surplus energy, good discretion, which keeps you from trusting lightly, and fairly pleasant temper, and a very light will. You think you're going to do a lot more than you've patience to carry through. I think you've a good deal to learn yet, Witsky, but, then, you have also the brains to learn it. I'm having a hard time of it, the application. Strong materialism with a good deal of imagination may lead you into many a hole if you don't watch out. This study is full of crude life.

Quiz.—Yes, I know all about it. What I don't know, however, is why you consider yourself entitled to ask for information. I'm a Paul Fry, my good man. Let the lady alone, her affairs are none of your business, and, above all things, we women despise that sort of sniffing old gossip which your question reveals. I am going to show her your letter. Maybe she will answer it herself if she spots you. Then, Quizzy, old chap, you'd better hire a balloon and get you gone to Mars. Do you know what she might do to you? Words fall me to warn you properly.

Janice.—I find a good deal of crude force and a quite inexperienced person; impulse variable and strong, feelings the same; in fact, the study quite impossible from its lack of finish and general raggedness. Wait a bit, my lass.

Windsor Salt

As Salt is used in the preparation of all foods it is essential that none but the best quality should be used.

The use of WINDSOR SALT ensures this.

</

About Nick-Names.

(Ella H. Dixon in "Ladies' Field.")

ONE of the most remarkable social phenomena of the present decade in England is the growing practice, even among sober-minded Britons, of calling friends not only by their Christian names, but by queer and familiar nick-names. This change in our manners is indeed passably surprising. We can all remember, not so long ago, when it would have been considered highly indecorous for a British matron to address her masculine friends by the familiar appellation of Tom, Dick and Harry. Yet, nowadays, who but the prudish and precise call their intimates by anything but their first names? In Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' essentially modern comedy, "The Liars," there is no person introduced into the action who is not addressed by men and women alike in this free and easy manner. All are in the pleasing position of being easy, Freddy, Gilbert, Rosemund and Chris to each other. All, that is to say, except the soldier-lover and the vacillating heroine. With a nice discrimination, an almost feminine observation, the dramatist has made the two young people, who are on the verge of an elopement, address each other with the utmost ceremony by their aristocratic and military titles.

As to nick-names, London society nowadays seems chiefly recruited by people with the most fantastic misnomers. It has been said that no man is beloved until he earns a universal nick-name for himself among his contemporaries. Of course, in the case of a boy, these strange appellations often originate at a public school or a university, and stick to the man until he is tottering on the verge of the grave, so that you shall find a stout, bald-pated citizen called "Bunny" by all and sundry, or an eminent fellow of the Royal Society rejoicing—or not—in the appellation of "Squatty." Some people's nick-names, indeed, are so universally used that you never suspect them of having any other. I remember waking one morning not long ago to find, by an announcement in the first column of the "Times," that an estimable gentleman whom I had long known as "Peter" had really been christened, some forty years ago (by a dean, a brace of god-fathers and a god-mother) with the more aristocratic if less cheerful cognomen of Montmorency. These announcements of nick-names in brackets, one may notice, are usually confined to the marriage column. The proud father, or the deceased relation, is rarely advertised as having answered to the humorous names of "Snorty" or "Pug."

How often in the year do we not read some such announcement as this among the marriages? "On the 10th inst., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Very Rev. Dean of Melchester, assisted by the Rev. Charles Honeydew, M.A., incumbent of St. Barnabas, Mayfair, and the Rev. Reginald Timmins, perpetual curate of St. George-in-the-Field, Algonquin Square, Brompton, the eldest son of John E. Timmins Esq., M.P., of 500 Prince's Gate, S.W., to Maud Theresa Valentin (Teasy), fifth daughter of General Sir George Blunderer, K.C.B., of The View, Southsea, Hants." Such announcements, to be sure, leave one thoughtful. Will Piggy and Teasy continue the pleasing habit of calling each other by these quaint appellations as they tread the thorny path of matrimony together? Or will the advent of a family, with all its responsibilities, put an end to any such amiable badinage? I am inclined to think so. If you look around, it is nearly always the popular bachelor—even though he may have reached the respectable age of three score and ten—who is called by some familiar diminutive by his contemporaries, while the gay modern spinster of forty is far more likely to retain some pleasing nick-name than the mother of many sons and daughters.

Up to lately the practice of using the first name was confined, in England, to a very small circle of the aristocracy. In Austria it has long been otherwise. "Society" in Vienna is composed of men and women who call each other Franz and Lotta, Wanda and Johann, as well as the most quaint conceits in the way of nick-names. Prosper Merimee, who often went to Austrian watering-places, used to complain, in the fifties and sixties, of the tiresome "gemuthlichkeit" of the Germans. Perhaps it was this very habit of familiar address which shocked his Parisian sense. For the French, curiously enough, are never familiar as we are with our friends, and even with our acquaintances. It may be roughly said that they are never really intimate except with blood relations. The family tie is very strong in France.

In New York, where "society" is about as restricted as in Vienna, and I should say quite as exclusive, the Christian name is very largely used.

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Kitty—Is your wound sore, Mr. Pup?

Mr. Pup—Wound! What wound!

Kitty—Why, sister said she cut you at the dinner last night!—Punch.

The old-fashioned "American" matron may here and there be heard speaking of her husband as "Mr. Lapham." But this type is becoming, in New York, exceedingly rare. Married couples of mature standing address their elderly friends by the name which their godfathers bestowed upon them. In England I find this practice confined chiefly to the younger and more skittish generation. On the whole, it is an amiable practice, but it has one serious drawback. Those who thoughtlessly adopt this familiar habit towards new and untried acquaintances are sometimes in a parlous state before the year is out. They may have quarrelled with the very people they have so hurriedly become intimate with, or have found out that they are quite undesirable persons, so that they find themselves in the awkward position of having to cut in the street the "Bunny" or the "Squatty" of a few short weeks ago.

Interesting, If True.

You Can Try It For Yourself and Prove It.

One grain of the active principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other wholesome food, and this claim has been proven by actual experiment, which anyone can perform for himself in the following manner: Cut hard-boiled egg into very small pieces, as it would be if masticated, place the egg, and two or three of the tablets in a bottle or jar containing warm water heated to 98 degrees (the temperature of the body) and keep it at this temperature for three and one half hours, at the end of which time the egg will be as completely digested as it would have been in the healthy stomach of a hungry boy.

The point of this experiment is that what Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do to the egg in the bottle it will do to the egg or meat in the stomach, and nothing else will rest and invigorate the stomach so safely and effectually. Even a little child can take Stuart's Tablets with safety and benefit if its digestion is weak, and the thousands of cures accomplished by their regular daily use are easily explained when it is understood that they are composed of vegetable essences, aseptic, peptic, diastase and Golden Seal, which mingle with the food and digest it thoroughly, giving the overworked stomach a chance to recuperate.

Dieting never cures dyspepsia, neither do pills and cathartic medicines, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines.

When enough food is eaten and promptly digested there will be no constipation, nor, in fact, will there be disease of any kind, because good digestion means good health in every organ.

The merit and success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are world-wide, and they are sold at the moderate price of 50 cents for full sized package in every drug store in the United States and Canada, as well as in Europe.

For the information of those interested a little book will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich., giving briefly the symptoms of the various forms of stomach weakness, causes and cure.

The Queen's Autograph Album.

The Queen is an enthusiastic autograph collector, and, with her unusual opportunities, she, as a matter of course, has a unique collection of signatures, which are written in a large, well-bound book kept for that purpose. Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, Sir Redvers Buller and Sir Evelyn Wood wrote in this bulky volume years ago. Lord Kitchener did so when staying at Balmoral at the close of his successful campaign in Egypt, and I think Sir George White is the last general whose signature was desired by the Queen.—"M.A.P."

Optimist—I don't care what you say, marriage is one of the greatest institutions in the world. Pessimist—Of course it is. It gives two people a chance to lay the responsibility for their unhappiness on each other.

Books and Their Makers.

THE new book on Elementary English Composition by Frederick H. Sykes, M.A., Ph.D., is evidently intended to be a handbook for teachers, rather than a text-book for pupils. In the former capacity it is certain to be found a very useful and timely little volume. The seventy-eight "lessons" it contains are admirably arranged and graded. Any child with an aptitude for expression in written language should, with careful drilling in the exercises Dr. Sykes provides, become something of an adept in the handling of clear, concise English. That we take it, is the aim of English composition as taught in the schools, for the subtle quality we call "style" can scarcely be imparted by any amount of analytical theorizing or mechanical drilling. The schools should set before them the object of teaching children how to state facts logically, concisely and clearly in the language which they will be required to use in the everyday business of life. This object can be attained. The cultivation of style must be left to the exceedingly small proportion of people who are competing in one way or another for literary effectiveness. In drilling children in the use of words and sentences as instruments of utility Dr. Sykes' book, which has been brought out by the Copp, Clark Company (Limited), will doubtless be a welcome auxiliary to all painstaking teachers.

The Douglas correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" had a conversation with Hal Caine at Grebe Castle, but could not induce him to offer any opinion concerning Marie Corelli's personal references to himself in the controversy over the naming of her new book.

"Is it true," I asked, "that in the days when you were publishers' reader to the firm of Bantleys you reported to your employers unfavorably on the manuscript of Miss Corelli's novel?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"That would be perhaps fifteen to twenty years ago?"

"Perhaps."

"Is it true you said that absurd thing about your personal likeness to Shakespeare and Christ?"

"No."

"Miss Corelli has spoken with her customary freedom about you. Have you nothing to say about her?"

"Nothing."

"Is it the fact that she has written these things about you before?"

"Yes."

"And you have never contradicted them?"

"I never contradict anything if I can help it."

According to the "Critic," the writer of those two anonymous books, Elizabeth and Her German Garden and A Solitary Summer, which created more or less of a stir in the reading world, are the work of Princess Henry of Pless, who is the sister of George Cornwallis West, the youthful husband of Lady Randolph Churchill.

As the Princess of Pless is now twenty-seven years of age and the books made their appearance several years ago, attention is discreetly directed toward the youthful precocity of the titled authoress.

An English translation of Dr. Jose Rizal's novel, Noli me Tangere, is about to appear under the title The Eagle's Flight. Dr. Rizal was a native Filipino, a scholar, a novelist and a poet.

He was a student of sociology and the fact that while pursuing his studies in Europe he lived amongst the common people has led to his being called a "Filipino Tolstoy." After the outbreak of the Filipino rebellion he was arrested in Manila on a charge of inciting the populace against Spanish authority. He was condemned and shot on the last day of December, 1896, his own countrymen, under an armed guard of Spanish soldiery, being obliged to act as executioners. One hour before his death Rizal was married. His wife was put in command of a company of the insurgents under Aguinaldo, and is reported to have

been killed in an engagement with United States troops.

Something novel and unique in children's literature is Mr. Bunny, His Book, by Adah L. Sutton, published by the Saalfeld Company, Akron, Ohio. Illustrations by W. H. Fry. Nonsense rhymes are amusing to nearly all children; the writings of Lewis Carroll proved that. Mr. Bunny's Book is crammed full of the quaintest nonsense rhymes, profusely illustrated in colors on tinted backgrounds. Here is a sample verse:

Oh, have you heard of the dry goods tree?
It grows on the banks of the soapbuds stream;
Its spreading branches are green and fair,
And wonderful things they are said to bear.

There are night gowns, and aprons and warm flannel skirts,
With mittens and stockings and nice ruffled shirts,
And bonnets, and caps, also slippers and shoes,
And all kinds of clothing that little folks use.

Oh, what a convenience 'to Mother

If she would discover a dry goods tree!

The book is bound in stiff covers—it is a large, thick book—and sells at \$1.25.

Max Pemberton's romance, Feo, is not such an improbable story as it would have been some decades earlier than the present date. A beautiful, gifted opera singer, of much strength of character and decidedly aristocratic descent, Feo easily captures the affections of Prince Jerome, son of the Archduke Frederic of Austria, whose father interferes, separates the lovers and strives by all means fair and foul to keep them apart. His agents almost succeed in tricking Feo into renouncing her princely lover, but finally, by the help of a staunch young English friend, Leslie Drummond, Feo is rescued, and the Prince, who is a manly specimen, weds her, she enters the Viennese capital, is received by the Empress, and presumably lives happily ever afterwards. Feo's wretched old father, Georges de Berthier, is a repugnant but faithful picture of a broken-down and warped aristocrat. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have brought out this book very smartly, and it will be read with interest.

Sophia, a romance of the first half of the last century, by Stanley J. Weyman, is a capital tale of a willful beauty who, under the guardianship of her married sister, makes ducks and drakes of her debut in the rather fast and furious London of the day. A quiet lover whom she detests, a rake who seeks her fortune, a mix of a girl, Lady Betty, whom one loves for her very naughtiness, and dozens of the incongruous characters one might expect from the crude and lawless period, fill through the pages of this very good story. Unheard of adventures, a marriage with the despised quiet lover, more adventures, including a mobbing by her husband's tenants, the final disciplining of Lady Betty by her good, manly lover, Tom, and the happy result of all poor Sophia's tragic experiences in the unlifting of herself and her husband in mutual love and understanding, is, on the whole, one of the best histories of the weal and woe which one fair woman can encompass which has been published for some time. The flavor of the period is distinct, and the tale is told with Weyman's well-known verve and distinctness. The Copp, Clark Company (Limited) have brought out this novel in very good style.

The Doctor's Talks.

"Headache Powders" Merely Paralyze the Nerves.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Are the Only Cure For Headache, Because They Remove the Cause—The Doctor Cures Every Case.

"I always advise my patients and friends to avoid 'Headache Powders,' as they would avoid a quicksand," said one of our well-known physicians to-day. "These powders dull the pain for a time, but when their effect dies out the agony returns. The powders merely paralyze the nerves and so prevent them from feeling the pain. There is only one way to cure headache, and that is to remove its cause. If I run a splinter into my finger I don't take medicine to cure the pain that accompanies the festering, swelling and inflammation resulting from the presence of the splinter. I take that splinter out. Then the pain vanishes. So with headache. Remove the cause and the pain disappears."

"Nine-tenths of the headaches that torture humanity spring from indigestion. Cure the indigestion and you cure the headache."

"How would you cure the indigestion, doctor?" asked his friend.

"Very easily. I would simply take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal."

"There is no medicine under the sun that will cure indigestion, Headache, Dyspepsia, etc., except Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They cure by digesting the food and toning and strengthening the stomach."

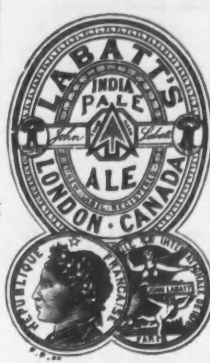
"I have cured every case of indigestion and dyspepsia I have met during seven years past, and my cures were all effected by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets."

The Crime of Sneezing.

Even so late in the century as the time of the marriage of our Queen it was looked upon as a gross breach of good manners to sneeze in company.

In the time of that bluff sailor-king, William IV., the then Duke of Norfolk was referred to as "something of a boor," and only for sneezing violently at a state banquet when the King was present. Sir F. Hastings Doyle, in his autobiography, relates how, even in the fifties, Lord Halifax was walking with Lord Dundas, when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed, and gasped out: "Shall I run for a doctor?" Lord Dundas gave a peremptory "No," as far as he was able.

When he had recovered from the paroxysm, he said: "I was only in the agonies of trying not to sneeze. The awful court etiquette in regard to this matter has made me really ill many a time. Now-



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adays I cannot, from long habit, really sneeze, but the sensation that brings about sneezing simply agonizes me. And I know many elderly gentlemen who suffer the same."

The same rule applied, and still applies in some cases, in an even greater degree on the Continent. The late Czar of Russia, the father of the present ruler, once hazarded the opinion that a certain distinguished Englishman was "much wanting in polish and good manners" because he, poor man, sneezed at a Russian court reception. Even the late Napoleon III., free and easy as was his court in certain matters, looked upon sneezing in his presence as a great liberty.

What France Gets from Bicycles.

The bicycle tax last year yielded nearly \$175,000. The number of bicycles taxed was 838,856, which is nearly double the number for the preceding year. In the Department of the Seine the number of bicycles was 185,781, or nearly one quarter of the whole.—"Temps," Paris.

William Cullen Bryant Applauded.

A resident of San Francisco who recently returned from Honolulu, where he had spent a few weeks, tells a good story of the reception given the Hawaiian delegation to the Democratic National Convention upon its return home. One of the delegates was called upon to tell about his experience in the convention, and he responded with

a rattling, spread-eagle speech, during which he frequently referred to the Democratic candidate for the presidency, evoking each time enthusiastic applause. And each time he mentioned the presidential candidate as William Cullen Bryant. One man in the audience asked the speaker to explain what was meant by the 16 to 1 theory.

"I'm surprised that anyone should ask me such a question," he replied. "I don't know what it means and neither does Mr. Bryant."

And yet it was the vote of the Hawaiian delegation that put free silver into the Kansas City platform.

"Colonel," said the romantic maiden, who doted on hearing thrilling stories, "what was the most agonizing half hour of your life?" "It was the one I spent the other day reading a bundle of letters I wrote to my wife before we were married," the grizzled warrior answered.

The real art of advertising consists in telling the Public the truth, then again only to advertise what the public want.

As to the first point I let the Public judge for themselves, and as to the second I risk the assertion that the Public do want Commendador Fort, because if taken after meals in moderate quantities, say a glass or two, it promotes the digestion and prevents dyspepsia and gout.

I am not a Doctor, but the great medical scientists, Dr. Mortimore and Dr. Hood of London renown, say so in their books. But, by Jove, for my own self I say it makes me happy and puts me in good humor with the world, which is something.

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MUSIC

NE is again unhappily reminded of the old saying, "Art is long, but life is short," by the news that Lady Halle, the greatest lady violinist of our period, is about to retire into private life immediately after her farewell this winter at the Richter concerts at Manchester. Her public life in London has extended over half a century, her first appearance in the metropolis having been in 1849, as a musical prodigy, when she played at a benefit performance at the old Princess Theatre. She was then being exploited by her brothers by her father. Lady Halle has been heard in Toronto only once, and all who had the good fortune to be present at her concert will remember the profound impression her artistic playing created.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp has practically decided upon the principal numbers of the programme for the first concert this season of the Toronto Male Chorus Club. The works to be taken up are Salamis, a cantata for men's voices, by Gernsheim, the chorus of bishops and priests from the opera L'Africain (Meyerbeer), Autumn Song by Rheinberger, and compositions by Engelberg, Meyer-Helmund, Louis Gregh and Dudley Buck. The first rehearsal of the club this week was very largely attended—in fact, it was the biggest muster the chorus has made at a first meeting of a season. Mr. Tripp is a pretty busy man with his private teaching. He has just issued a circular announcing that he is forming playing classes, open not only to his own pupils, but also to any players who may wish to take advantage of lessons in style and interpretation and to broaden their knowledge of the resources of the piano. His wide experience under leading piano pedagogues in Europe qualifies him to preside over such classes. His method is to use two pianos and to illustrate at one while the pupil is at the other.

Great things are prophesied of the young French composer, Claude Debussy. Fifteen years ago he competed for the Prix de Rome, but was unsuccessful. The work he sent in had the strange title of La Demoiselle Elve. This did not please the judges, and they were still more displeased, we are told, when they found the text of the cantata was a prose translation of an "unintelligible" poem by Dante Rossetti. To make matters worse, Debussy's music was ultra-modern in its modulations. The work was accordingly rejected, and did not even receive the honor of a trial performance. But the composer, nothing daunted, persevered. His first success was his symphonic illustrations in Mallarmé's "Après-midi d'une Faune." On August 27 he had the satisfaction not only of seeing his Demoiselle Elve on a Trocadero programme, but of hearing it of the other pieces presented, though these included selections from the works of the academic favorites, Paladilhe and Marty, as well as the patriotic and noisy "Ireland" of Mme. Holmes.

Mr. Finck, the New York critic, enquires plaintively why the compositions of Rubinstein are not heard more frequently in public. He says it is time to enter an emphatic protest against the absurd and unjust manner in which professional performers taboo one of the greatest of modern composers. He continues: "The public loves, above all things, melody, and Rubinstein is brimful of melody; why, then, is he not often heard in our concert halls? Not because the public does not want him, for his compositions are warmly applauded whenever produced, and often encored; but simply because the professional musicians have been apparently blinded by the critic into an absurdly exaggerated idea of Rubinstein's shortcomings. These critics are constantly harping upon the fact that he was careless in his workmanship, and did not sufficiently file his pieces. As Niecks put it, 'He seemed always impatient to finish a thing.' If genius is, as it should be, defined, the faculty of creating new ideas, then Rubinstein was not only a genius, but a genius of a very high order. In the realm of harmony he was less original than some of his contemporaries, but as a fertile melodist he has few equals at any time." I cannot say that I have found in my experience at concerts that Rubinstein is popular with audiences. There are a few compositions, it is true, that are always welcome, but, speaking generally, Rubinstein's music is received with polite indifference. If professionals found that they could make a hit with the public by playing on stringing Rubinstein, one may rest assured that they would include one or other of his pieces in their programmes, no matter what critics might say. Professionals know in which direction their interests lie, and are not silly enough to allow theoretical prejudice to interfere with their business. One may fairly conclude that there is no general demand for Rubinstein's works.

Scholarships are now being offered for free competition in the piano, vocal, violin and elocution departments of the Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, and a form giving particulars as to these can be obtained from the secretary. Members of the staff represented, either by full or partial scholarships, are as follows: Piano, Messrs. W. O. Forsyth, the musical director; Peter C. Kennedy, F. Arthur Oliver, the Misses Cella M. Tufford, Sara Burt, A. B. Todd; vocal, Signor Sajous, Miss

Campbell Stotesbury (Mrs. Sajous), Mr. W. Y. Archibald, Miss Bertha Rogers; violin, Miss Kate Archer; elocution, Miss Lillian Burns. Apart from the ordinary propositions, Messrs. Heintzman & Co., the well-known piano firm, offer a scholarship equivalent to \$50 in value of instruction this season from Mr. W. C. Forsyth, this being for the purpose of encouraging a gifted candidate to pursue piano study in its higher phases under an acknowledged master of the art. The entire scheme of scholarships offered is very attractive, and it may be assumed that before the final date of entry—October 13—a large number of candidates will register for competition.

London "Truth" believes that the stage offers greater prizes than the opera to the genuine dramatist. Mr. Gilbert, when asked to re-write the libretto of Mozart's Figaro, named a price which frightened Carl Rosa. It is reported that an eminent playwright demands for a forthcoming piece £1,000 down, plus one third of the net profits. No librettist, except Mr. Gilbert for comic opera, could, of course, be paid any such sum. Even the musician on the Continent has to be satisfied with 10 per cent. of the gross receipts; while in England recently he was offered only 10 per cent. of the net profits. In England, however, operas neither pay the composer nor the librettist, and, in fact, it is an open secret that serious operas are not produced unless the publisher or some other person guarantees the expenses. Even in that case three performances in a single season are all that can be secured, and as a rule the opera is afterwards shelved. Several eminent British musicians have operas still unheard. Among them is Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who during the autumn of 1899 put the finishing touches to a new opera upon the subject of Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth."

One of the writers in the London "Daily Telegraph" makes the very strange statement that in the Nibelungen "Brunhilde and her newly-wedded spouse have several wrestling bouts before coming to an understanding, living happily afterwards." It is needless to say that this novel reading of the plot is not found in the musical column of the paper.

The Piano-forte Teachers' Normal Class at the Toronto Conservatory of Music opened on Wednesday last, with a largely increased attendance over all previous years. This class, which is under the personal direction of Dr. Edward Fisher, has proved a most valuable factor in the education of those having teaching in view as a profession, and graduates from the Conservatory in the teachers' normal course are satisfactorily filling many important positions in Canada and the United States.

The Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution reopened with a large attendance and under most favorable auspices on Tuesday, the 25th inst. Miss Masson has again associated with her as vice-principal Mrs. Inez Nicholson Cutter, who has recently returned from a comprehensive review of physical culture work at Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. Miss Grace H. Hunter, B.A., honor graduate of Toronto University, is in charge of the department of literature, and Miss Greta Masson of Boston that of voice culture. A progressive feature of the season's work is the opening of a residence for the pupils of the school, for which purpose Miss Masson has secured the house formerly occupied by Sir Oliver Mowat, at 63 St. George street, and which is already taxed almost to the full extent of its accommodation.

Mrs. Laura Campbell Briggs will no doubt prove a welcome addition to the ranks of Toronto's many and clever lady vocalists, as might be inferred from the hearty reception accorded her at her debut on Monday night. The occasion was the regular monthly meeting of the St. Mary's Catholic Truth Society, held in St. Andrew's Hall. Mrs. Briggs has a soprano voice of good quality. Other artists who appeared were Miss Nellie James, contralto; Miss Winnifred Skeath-Smith, violinist; Miss McNulty, elocutionist; Mr. F. E. Hollister, baritone, and Mrs. Skeath-Smith and Master Frank Park, pianists. With this array of talent the seating capacity of St. Andrew's Hall was taxed as it seldom has been before, and Mr. J. J. M. Landy, the musical director of the society's entertainments, must have felt rewarded for the efforts he had put forth for this occasion.

Among the most important musical institutions in Ontario must be reckoned the musical department of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, of which the musical director and teacher of advanced organ and piano is Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. The organ students have great facilities owing to the enterprise of the directors in placing a good pipe organ in the concert hall of the college. During the summer vacation the graduates have been in demand as deputes, and have given so much satisfaction that in some instances permanent engagements have resulted.

Mr. George Dance's new musical play, A Chinese Honeymoon, is proving a great rival to The Lady Slavey. The piece has scored a genuine success in the English provinces.

At the Bayreuth festival next summer five performances will be given of The Flying Dutchman, this being the only opera of Wagner, except Rienzi, which has not been sung at Bayreuth. A great deal of experimenting is to be done in the hope of solving the problem of manoeuvring the Phantom Ship in a satisfactory manner. Herr Richter will preside over some of the festival performances, but most of them will be conducted

by Siegfried Wagner. Experiments will also be made with new singers. Parsifal is to be sung a number of times. Frau Wagner, it is said, has still a monopoly of this music drama as far as the operatic stage is concerned. She has been endeavoring to prevent performances of excerpts in the concert halls, but as Wagner sold the right to produce selections from it at concerts the German law courts have decided that she cannot prohibit performances that are given without the accessories of scenery, action and costumes.

Those artistic and satisfying singers, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, have been engaged by Henry Wolfsohn for a tour of one hundred concerts in the United States and Canada. It is many years since the gifted couple were heard in recital in Toronto. It is sincerely hoped by musical people that the Henschels will come this way before their tournee is closed.

While there has been a chorus of praise from the Parisian critics for the reigning success, Charpentier's Louise, from Berlin comes a deprecatory note. Dr. Leonold Schmidt of the "Berliner Tageblatt," in noticing its performance in Paris, says that the music seemed to him devoid of originality and individuality. The composer copies Gounod in sentimental situations, the young Italians in moments of dramatic emphasis, and Wagner in his orchestration. The success of the opera, Dr. Schmidt thinks, is due partly to the story and partly to the appeals that are made in it to Parisian vanity. The gorgeous mise-en-scene also helps to attract the public.

At the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the Mendelssohn Choir the following officers were elected: Conductor, A. S. Vogt; honorary president, Byron E. Walk; president, W. H. Elliott; vice-presidents, A. E. Huestis, F. H. Herbert; secretary, Dr. Harold Clark; treasurer, T. Harold Mason; assistant secretary-treasurer, Walter Bonney; committee, W. E. Rundle, R. G. Kirby, A. L. E. Davies, G. H. Parkes, A. T. Cringan, G. H. D. Lee, J. D. Ritchie, T. A. Reed, A. M. Bethune, Dr. T. B. Richardson.

Miss Edith Macpherson Dickson has been appointed soprano soloist at Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

Mme. Alice Waltz, the popular soprano, who is once more in Toronto sang I Know That My Redeemer Liveth, last Sunday at the Broadway Theatre, and delighted the large congregation. Her second solo was the Holy City, which she interpreted with much finish and effect. Mme. Waltz is available for concert and oratorio engagements in town or country. The New York "Times" credits her with possessing a most beautiful voice, and, in referring to one particular concert, says she sang both her numbers exquisitely.

A number of scholarships are offered for competition at the Toronto Junction College of Music, all names to be in by October 5. Information as to conditions may be obtained at the college. Among the scholarships is the half-year scholarship offered each year by Heintzman & Co. The list is a valuable one and is expected to arouse a lively interest.

It is satisfactory to note that Toronto is promised a visit from two famous European orchestras, those of Eduard Strauss of Vienna and of the Leipzig Philharmonic Society. But no announcement has been made as to a supply of grand opera, either in Italian or English. It was expected that the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York would come again, but so far nothing has been heard as to an intention to bring the organization here this season. From the Grand Opera House, through Mr. Sheppard, we have nothing but promises of a few comic operas. Perhaps the advance of the season may show that arrangements have been made to supply Toronto with something satisfactory in the way of opera. There is so far a fair list of stars of the concert room announced, including Dohnanyi, Clara Butt, Ffrangcon Davies and Leonora Jackson. No doubt the Mendelssohn Choir and the Male Chorus Club will bring here some distinguished soloists to supplement their own efforts.

CHERUBINO.

The Emperor and the Parson.

The Emperor of Germany confesses that his great dislike is a long sermon. His Majesty, a few weeks ago, said to a celebrated but rather showy and conceited German preacher: "Herr Pastor, please do not be offended when I tell you that your sermons are too long." "But, Your Majesty," replied the pastor, "when I get warmed to my subject I forget everything and everybody, and get quite carried away. Your Majesty." The Kaiser, who had had an hour's torture from the reverend gentleman, that very morning curtly answered: "Like you, sir, in one way—when you preach I forget everything; but, unlike you in another respect, I am not fortunate enough to get 'carried away'."

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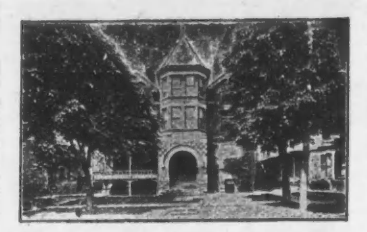
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. W. Harry Smith (nee Davison) will be At Home on the first and third Wednesdays, at her residence, 56 1-2 Argyle street.

Mrs. Charles H. Davis (nee Davison) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday, October 3, at her mother's residence, 12 University crescent.

Dr. and Mrs. Ceol Trotter have returned from their summer cottage, Claradale, Balmby Beach, to their home in Bloor street.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

ONE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, OCT. 1st

"London is Nell Gwyn crazy" and
"Miss Crossman started the fad."

First Time Here Monday Night

Maurice Campbell Offers

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

As Nell Gwyn

In the merry play

Mistress Nell

By George C. Hazelton, Jr.

Supported by a New York Cast

The play is founded on the Love of King Charles II. of England, the Merry Monarch, for Nell Gwyn.

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Wednesday { USUAL MATINEES } Saturday

Only Appearance in Canada.

Miss HOPE MORGAN

Assisted by **ALBERT LOCKWOOD**
Solo Pianist.

EVAN WILLIAMS
First of American Tenors.
Seats on sale on Monday, 9 a.m. \$1.50, \$1.25, 50c. Subscribers for five or more can secure seats now.

MASSEY HALL Thursday next at 8.15 OCTOBER 4

THE following books have received the stamp of public approval and are now on sale at the book-sellers, or they will be sent post-paid on application to the publishers as undersigned.

SOLDIERING IN CANADA, by Col. Denison..... \$2.00
SPORT IN WAR, by Gen. Baden-Powell..... 1.25
THE FARRINGTONS, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler..... \$1.50 and .75
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD, by Mary Johnston..... 1.50 and .75
PRISONERS OF HOPE, by Mary Johnston..... 1.50 and .75
THE GREEN FLAG, by A. Conan Doyle..... 1.50 and .75
THE CHOIR INVISIBLE, by James Lane Allen..... 1.25 and .75
KENTUCKY CARDINAL, by James Lane Allen..... 1.25 and .75
THE LIFE OF NELSON, by Capt. Mahon..... 3.00
WITH FIRE AND SWORD, by Henryk Sienkiewicz..... \$1.25 and .75
QUO VADIS, by Henryk Sienkiewicz..... 1.50 and .75
PAN MICHAEL, by Henryk Sienkiewicz..... 1.25 and .75
THE DELUGE, by Henryk Sienkiewicz (2 vols.) per vol. 1.25 and .75
WITHOUT DOGMA, by Henryk Sienkiewicz..... 1.25 and .75
KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS, by Henryk Sienkiewicz (2 vols.) \$1.00 per vol.

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EVENING PRICES, 25 and 50.
MATINEES DAILY, all seats 25.

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SEVERUS SCHAFFER.

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The Farmer and the Football Players.

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A Jewel in a Pickaninny Setting.

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The Jail Bird Coon.

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Mimic.

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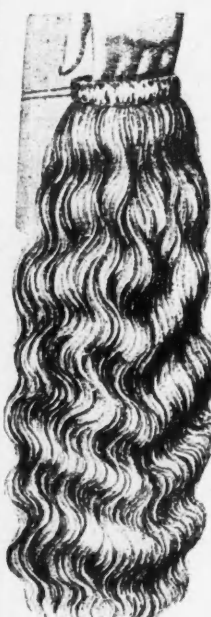
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The greatest invention ever produced for assisting ladies to dress their own hair. We teach you how to arrange it. Ladies, now is the time your hair needs attention, and PEMBER is the best place. You are assured satisfaction in our large and separate dressing-rooms if you want your hair dressed in the latest styles. We are always up to date. Special treatment for hair falling, alopecia and eczema.

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Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist.
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Upper Canada College.

ENDOWMENT FUND.

The committee who have undertaken to raise \$50,000 for the Endowment Fund of Upper Canada College beg to remind Old Boys and other friends of the institution that the subscription list must be closed before October 1. Thirty-five thousand dollars (\$35,000) have already been obtained, but the remaining fifteen thousand dollars (\$15,000) must be subscribed by Saturday next, without which the sums already given will lapse under the terms of the subscription. The committee therefore make a final appeal to the citizens of Toronto and the friends of the college to promptly give the assistance which they think the case deserves.

Full information will be cheerfully given by any of the undersigned:

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Boys' Very Fine Suits

in exclusive patterns, for ages 4 to 16 at
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Fancy Reefers and Overcoats

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produced by using

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That in your fancy requires just such a succession of coal carts to feed its enormous appetite? Rather hard on your pocket—especially seasons when coal is high.

Why Not Buy the Imperial Oxford Range?

It saves its cost in its splendid economy with coal—is delightfully easy to manage—and gives supreme comfort and success in all kitchen doings. Verify what we say to your own satisfaction by looking over its patented improvements.

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The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Henry A. Taylor, Draper.

—How a man should dress—to know how ask for one of my Dress Charts—tells you what to wear from hat to boots for all occasions.

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TWO ROOMS on ground floor, opposite elevator.
ONE ROOM on first floor, suitable for office or agency business.

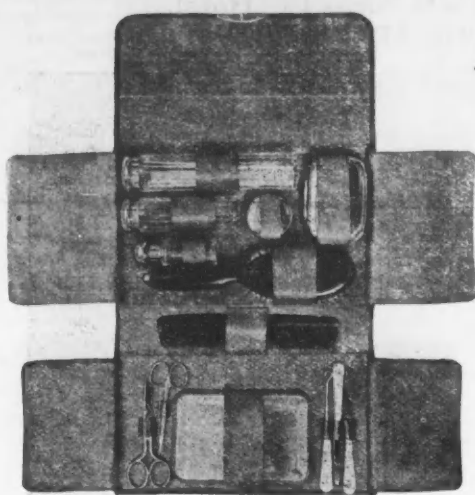
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Ladies' and gentlemen's classes in riding. For terms apply to—**F. A. CAMPBELL, 97 Bay Street.** Riding instructor to all the ladies' schools in Toronto.



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one has all the Toilet Articles in a compact case. And it is so convenient to use when on the Pullman or on board Steamer.

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This handsome sideboard is a good example of modern "Sheraton" furniture. It is a wide departure from the hackneyed styles with which the market is flooded, and finds instant favor with people of taste.

We have built it in fine Mexican Mahogany enriched with inlaid lines. It is conveniently arranged and highly finished inside and out.

Our Price is 40 per cent. less than its equal would cost you if imported....

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Shall we send you quotations?

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188 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Mrs. Younghusband—I want some lamb. Butcher—Forequarter of lamb, ma'am? Mrs. Younghusband—Well, no; I think three quarters will be enough.

Mistress—You say you are well recommended? Maid—Indeed, ma'am; I have thirty-nine excellent references. "And how long have you been in domestic service?" "Two years, ma'am."

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One of the critics has well said: "The secret of piano satisfaction lies in the quality of the tone. The tone is to a piano what color is to a painting. It gives it charm and value and the better the tone the better is the value of the piano as a musical instrument."

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"The tone of the Heintzman & Co. piano is delightful, the elasticity of action marvelous, every note ringing out in clear, nearly and limpid quality. It excels any piano I have ever used."

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With its spacious rooms, corridors, open fireplaces, large reading and reception rooms, electric light, porcelain baths, private dining-rooms, thus making it the model of home like hotels.

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165 King Street West
The session of 1900-01 will commence on Monday, October 1st. For circulars or information address—Geo. C. DOWNS, Secretary.

KNOW THYSELF—The scientific interpretation of the palm, rendered by **MADAME LIVINSKI**, 331 Church St. Fee, 50c.

Social and Personal.

Mr. Harry L. Drayton has resigned his position as assistant city solicitor and will enter a prominent legal firm.

Miss Laura Muntz, who has been spending some time in Holland and Paris, returns home from the Continent next week and will be at her studio in Beverly street.

Mr. and Mrs. Titus Robinson and Miss Robinson arrived home Monday from a tour abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons have taken up house at 583 Church street. Their daughters, Miss Beatrice and Miss Daisy, arrived lately, having spent nearly four years in England and Germany.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at Norway Place, Church street, the residence of the bride's mother, on Monday last, September 24, when Ethel Mary, second daughter of the late Henry A. Knowles, was united in marriage to James H. Carrique, D. S., of Sarnia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Pitt Lewis, rector of Grace Church. The bride entered the drawing-room on the arm of her brother and was given away by her mother. Miss Irene Knowles acted as bridesmaid. Mr. C. Carrique, of Palermo, brother of the groom, was best man. Dr. and Mrs. Carrique will take up their residence in Sarnia.

Mr. and Mrs. Collin J. Stalker of Augusta avenue have gone to visit friends in Cincinnati and South Norwood, O.

The dance given at Arthur last Friday evening by Mrs. Anderson, in honor of her guest, Miss Winkona Frank of Orangeville, recently returned from China and Japan, was in every way a brilliant success. Roscrea never looked prettier. The rooms were tastefully decorated, and many dainty gowns were worn by the ladies.

On Wednesday evening, September 19, at seven o'clock, the residence of Mr. William Cameron, Goderich street, Port Elgin, was the scene of a charmingly pretty wedding, when his daughter, Miss Kate Cameron, and Mr. James Walker Dougherty of Port Elgin were married. It was a house wedding, and the drawing-room was beautifully decorated with palms and white flowers, one end being converted into a bower, where the ceremony took place. A little after seven o'clock the strains of the wedding march filled the room, and the bridal party entered. The tall, graceful bride, leaning on her father's arm, walked slowly up the room, her sweet, blushing face looking lovely, with coronet of orange blossoms and filmy veil falling to the edge of the train of her wedding gown of pearl color brocade silk, trimmed with chiffon and pearls. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of ferns and white roses. Her bridesmaid was Miss Dougherty, who wore pink organdie over pink silk, and carried a bouquet



of pink roses. The maid of honor was little Miss Joan Campbell, niece of the bride, who looked lovely, with golden hair hanging over her shoulders and garbed in a dainty white frock, and carried a basket of roses. The groom was supported by Mr. Collin S. Cameron, barrister-at-law, Simcoe, brother of the bride. The bride's mother wore a silk gown en train, trimmed with chiffon and lace, and her three sisters formed a striking looking trio, all three being tall and graceful and wearing beautiful gowns. Miss Cameron wore a heliotrope silk en train, trimmed with chiffon. Mrs. Campbell a silk grenadine, with lace yoke, and Mrs. Nell McGillivray a pale blue satin, with handsome pointed lace overdress and trimmed with chiffon. The officiating clergyman was Rev. A. Mahaffy, B.A. After the reception and departure the bridal couple left for Owen Sound, where they took the train for Eastern cities, where they will spend the honeymoon. The bride's traveling suit was a claret-color lady's cloth tailor-made gown, with silk velvet toque to match and sable ruff. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty will reside in Green street.

Mr. Jack Roaf leaves for Winnipeg on Saturday next at 1:30 p. m., to take a responsible position out there. The bachelors of the "Isle of Champagne" entertained him at Harry Webb's on Wednesday, as he is one of their members. Mr. Howard Douglas, who is also a member of the same club, was given a send-off at the same dinner. He is leaving for Genoa for the winter months.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman have returned from Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa. Miss Heintzman will leave again for New York next Monday, to continue her vocal studies.

Mrs. Malcolm Macnair (nee Beaty) will hold her first reception since her marriage on Friday afternoon and evening, October 5, and will after receive on the first Friday in the month at her home, Loughbreeze, 1499 Queen street west.

The beautiful gowns and hats of the Porter-Plumb bridal party were turned out by the firm of William Stitt and would have done credit to any establishment.

Mr. Ernest Oliver and Mr. R. L. Latham returned to town early in the week, after spending a few days in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grundy have sent out invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ethel Sabina Grundy, and Mr. William Edward Patton, at St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, on October 16, at half-past six o'clock.

Autumn Opening.

Many citizens of Toronto will no doubt avail themselves of the invitation of Ambrose Kent & Sons (Limited) to visit their well-stocked emporium of gold jewelry, precious jewels, rings, watches, clocks, silver, hollow and flat ware, art goods, cut glass and the latest Parisian bronze figures with and without electric attachments, and also visit their factory, where expert watchmakers, skilled jewelers, diamond setters, silversmiths and enamellers are at work.

To the Ladies of Toronto.

Mr. N. Rooney, 62 Yonge street, has just turned from the European markets with one of the finest stocks of linens, etc., that have ever been brought into Canada. Mr. Rooney always makes a specialty of linens, and his importations this time consist of table cloths, napkins, towels, towellings, handkerchiefs, etc., all of the very best Irish manufacture; also fine English sheetings, linen finish, a fine assortment of eider-down quilts, white quilts, lace curtains, ladies' fine French costume cloths, in all the latest shades. These goods will be disposed of at very reasonable prices.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births

Northey—Sept. 24, Mrs. John P. Northey, a daughter.
St. John—Sept. 23, Mrs. J. W. St. John, a son.
Hamby—Sept. 20, Mrs. F. P. Hamby, a son.
Goode—Sept. 22, Mrs. Wm. Goode, a son.
Webster—Sept. 22, Mrs. Charles Webster, a son.
Cowley—Sept. 19, Mrs. T. W. Cowley, a son.
Young—Mrs. E. L. Young, a son.

Marriages

Porter-Plumb—On September 26th, by Rev. John Langtry, Robert Langley Porter, M.D., London, Eng., to Antoinette Louise, daughter of the late Thomas Street Plumb.
Murray-Lawrie—On Wednesday, Sept. 19, 1900, at 330 Huron street, by Rev. W. G. Wallace, B.D., Douglas Stewart Murray (of the Murray Printing Company), son of Mr. James Murray, to Jane J. (Tot) Lawrie, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. T. Lawrie, all of this city.
Pratt-Tucker—Allanburg, Sept. 19, Alice

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We are issuing a splendidly illustrated Catalogue, showing the current styles in furs, describing in detail the garments, the cut, linings, trimmings, etc., also the lowest cash price of each article.

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